BACK TO THE FUTURE

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EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT

A BLINDING WHITE FIREBALL erupts and subsides into a MUSHROOM CLOUD: an ATOMIC BOMB has just exploded.

We see images of destroyed tract houses, melted automobiles, and suburban rubble, then the VOICE OF A NARRATOR explains that we have just seen one of the many nuclear tests of the mid-1950's...

PULL BACK TO REVEAL we are watching a 16mm documentary in a HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM full of STUDENTS.

As the army makes preparations for another atomic test, the narration is interrupted by OFFSCREEN SINGING.

SINGER (O.S.)
"I don't want to di-i-i-ie..."

STUDENT HEADS turn to see who's singing.

SINGER (O.S., cont'd)
"I don't want to di-i-i-ie..."

More heads turn. The voice belongs to

MARTY McFLY,

17, a good looking kid who wears mirrored Porsche sunglasses, and has a Walkman plugged into his ears. He's playing "air guitar" to his tape, and he's completely oblivious to his surroundings.

His mirrored sunglasses reflect an exploding mushroom cloud in the documentary.

MARTY (cont'd)
"I don't want to di-i-i-ie..."

Suddenly the room lights come on and the projector is shut down. Marty continues singing.

MARTY (cont'd)
"No, no, no, baby, I just don't want
to di-i-i-i----"

The TEACHER, MRS. WOODS, 45, steps over and unplugs Marty's Walkman. She's not smiling.

Marty removes his sunglasses and opens his eyes. He gulps upon seeing her grim visage looking down on him.

MRS. WOODS
Mr. McFly: dentetion!

CUT TO:

INT. MR. STRICKLAND'S OFFICE - DAY

The nameplate on the man's desk says "MR. STRICKLAND." Every school has one---a stern, humorless disciplinarian who was born old and stayed that way his entire life. He looks 60 but he could be 160.

His office is functionally sparse. MARTY sits facing him in the single uncomfortable wooden chair. He's sat here before

MR. STRICKLAND
(extending his hand)
Give it to me, McFly.

Marty sighs, then hands over his Walkman.

Strickland examines it momentarily, then places it in the WOODWORKING VICE mounted on the corner of his desk.

Marty fidgets uncomfortably.

Strickland gazes at him, then gives the vice a hard, mean wrench. The Walkman CRUNCHES...it sounds like bones breaking.

Marty cringes.

Strickland smiles sadistically and hands it back to him.

MR. STRICKLAND
That's number three, isn't it?

MARTY
Four.

MR. STRICKLAND
You don't like school, do you, McFly?

MARTY
Nope.

MR. STRICKLAND
"Nope," what?

MARTY

Nope, sir.

MR. STRICKLAND

"Nope, sir," what?

Marty gives him a look, then spits it all out.

MARTY

Nope, sir, Mr. Strickland, sir, I do not like school, sir.

MR. STRICKLAND

(snaps at him)

You've got a real attitude problem, you know that?

(opens a file on his desk)

You're a slacker, McFly. You've got aptitude, but you don't apply yourself. You're a slacker.

(shakes his head)

I remember your father when he was a student here. He was a slacker, too...and look where it got him: nowhere.

MARTY

You can say that again.

MR. STRICKLAND

Watch your mouth, McFly---that's your attitude problem again. Your father may very well be a gutless worm who never amounted to anything, but he's still your father. I will not tolerate such disrespect in my office.

MARTY

Yes, sir.

MR. STRICKLAND

Now, for slacking off in class and in this office, your punishment is 2 weeks in detention, with me, starting this afternoon.

MARTY

This afternoon? But I can't!

MR. STRICKLAND

What did you say?

MARTY

Please, sir, my rock band has an audition at 4 o'clock today for the YMCA dance. It's really important that I be there. Let me off just today, and I'll take detention for the rest of the month... For the rest of the year, even!

Strickland eyes him, considering this.

MR. STRICKLAND

This audition is THAT important to you?

MARTY

Oh, yes, sir.

MR. STRICKLAND

Well, in that case, let me remind you: the penalty for cutting detention is expulsion.
(a beat)
See you after school. Today.
(a beat)
Slacker.

Marty is sick.

CUT TO:

INT. A WALL CLOCK

It's 3:38.

WIDER

A regular history classroom used as detention after hours. STRICKLAND sits at the desk, reading a book at least 50 years old entitled "Modern Discipline." He glances around the room occasionally.

8 or 10 STUDENTS are seated far apart from each other throughout the room. All are supposedly studying.

MARTY stares at the clock, then gazes longingly out the tall windows. Direct sunlight pours in...also reminding him of the time. He looks around: isn't there any way out of here?

A FAT KID, JENKINS, raises his hand.

JENKINS

Mr. Strickland, can I be excused to go to the bathroom, please?

MR. STRICKLAND

No.

Marty notices the SPRINKLER SYSTEM running along the ceiling. Looking around, he sees a CAROUSEL SLIDE PROJECTOR near the pencil sharpener. Again he looks at the sun...he's getting an idea.

A GIRL COUGHS.

MR. STRICKLAND

Miss Fredman, any further outbursts like that will result in your receiving 5 more detentions...
(notices Marty has his hand up)
What is it, McFly?

MARTY

May I sharpen my pencil, sir?

MR. STRICKLAND

You have only one pencil, Mr. McFly? Only a slacker comes to school with just one pencil.

MARTY

It'll never happen again, sir.

MR. STRICKLAND

Be quick about it.

As Marty heads for the pencil sharpener, he shoves a piece of BUBBLE GUM in his mouth and starts chewing like mad.

He steps alongside the slide projector and surreptiously sneaks the lens into his jacket pocket. He quickly sharpens his pencil and hurries back to his seat.

Now Strickland stands up and starts toward Marty! Did he see Marty swipe the lens? No, he's merely "patrolling" the room.

When Strickland isn't looking, Marty produces a matchbook and a rubber band from the pencil pouch of his loose leaf binder. He opens the matchbook cover and sticks his gum to the backside.

He waits for Strickland to walk past him, then quickly, Marty stands and, using the rubber band, fires the matchbook at the ceiling.

Strickland whirls around upon hearing the snap, but Marty is already seated, "studying." Strickland looks around suspiciously, but sees nothing. He continues along.

Marty glances up: the gum is holding the matchbook on the ceiling, right near the sprinkler valve. He smiles.

Now Marty sets his mirrored sunglasses on his leg, positioning them to reflect the rays of the sun up at the matchbook.

That done, he pulls the lens out of his pocket and focuses the beam onto the matchbook. He adjusts the lens ever so slightly...there! Perfect! A hot white pinpoint of light is now focused on the matchbook.

THE CLOCK

reads 3:42. We LAP DISSOLVE to 3:52.

MARTY

continues holding the lens as steady as he can, watching anxiously for results.

Now, Strickland, still "patrolling," steps between Marty and the window to look over the work of another student. His shadow falls on the rim of Marty's sunglasses. If he leans back another inch, he'll block the sun completely.

Marty watches him, hoping, praying that he doesn't move.

Strickland stands there as if threatening to move back. He stares at the student's work and shakes his head.

MR. STRICKLAND
No, Mr. Willis, the capitol of
Oklahoma is NOT New York City.

With that, Strickland moves onward, and Marty sighs relief.

But now the bubble gum starts to give, and the matchbook begins to peel away from the ceiling!

MARTY
(under his breath)
Come on, come on...!

At last there is a faint trace of smoke...

Marty glances out the window: a CLOUD is about to pass in front of the sun.

MARTY

Burn, you sucker...!

The bubble gum stretches...the smoking matchbook lowers two inches...it won't hold much longer...

Suddenly, it ignites! FIRE!

Immediately the FIRE ALARM SOUNDS and the SPRINKLERS GO OFF!

MARTY

FIRE!!!

Students jump up and scream as water sprays all over them! They rush for the door with MARTY leading the pack.

MR. STRICKLAND

Stop! Wait! We must file out in an orderly fashion!

Another sprinkler goes off and sprays Strickland right in the face!

MARTY'S LOCKER

opens and MARTY pulls out his ELECTRIC GUITAR CASE and SKATEBOARD. He hops on the skateboard and zooms past a hall clock: 3:56.

EXT. ELMDALE HIGH SCHOOL

It's a classic WPA style high school, built in the 1930's. Marty dashes out, jumps on his skateboard, and skateboards down the front steps!

EXT. STREET - CENTRAL BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY

This is ELMDALE, a midwestern town; it's October. The town has been here a while---and its central business district is beginning to deteriorate...undoubtedly because there's a mall someplace.

The time and temperature clock on the BANK OF ELMDALE reads 3:58.

MARTY skateboards down the business street and across traffic, narrowly missing being hit by a car! Even carrying his guitar case, he skateboards like a champ.

CUT TO:

INT. YMCA - STAGE

3 MEMBERS of the PINHEADS rock band, KEYBOARDS, BASS and DRUMS, exchange nervous glances, repeatedly checking their watches. They're all set up on stage, behind the closed curtains.

Off to the side is SUZY PARKER, 17, an attractive girl, but not part of the band.

BASS sticks his head out through the curtains, calling to whoever's out there.

BASS
Give us just two more minutes.
He'll be here.
(returning inside)
I hope...

DRUMS
I told you, he got detention.
We're gonna have to cancel.

VOICE (O.S.)
No, we won't!

They turn: MARTY has just arrived!

SUZY
Marty!

Marty gives her a wink; she smiles.

MARTY
(to the band members)
Let's get ready.

KEYBOARDS
We're waitin' on you, man.

An amp and a microphone have already been set up for Marty. He breaks open his guitar case and plugs in his instrument. Marty tunes up, then looks over at Suzy.

Suzy smiles and holds up her crossed fingers.

Marty grins back. Clearly, they're "an item."

Marty practices a riff...and he's great. You can't tell where the guitar ends and the man begins.

MARTY
All right, let's hit it!

They kick into a red hot number. Marty's fingers dance across the strings and frets in a complicated lead line.

Now THE CURTAINS OPEN. Several members of the YMCA DANCE COMMITTEE are seated out there.

As Marty steps up to the mike to start singing, he's hit by a SPOTLIGHT...and he FREEZES. No playing, no singing: he's frozen.

The band members exchange exasperated, knowing glances.

Suzy, watching from the wing, is crestfallen.

Marty remains motionless, utterly petrified. The music dwindles away to nothing.

BASS
All right, from the top again.
One-two-three-four---

The three of them start playing again, but Marty remains frozen. He just can't function.

Suzy can't bear to watch.

The band members shake their heads hopelessly and quit playing.

KEYBOARDS
Shit. I thought he was gonna see a doctor about that.

DANCE COMMITTEEMAN
NEXT!!

CUT TO:

EXT. ON A BUSINESS STREET - DAY

MARTY and SUZY are walking together. She carries her schoolbooks; he has his guitar and skateboard. And he's depressed.

MARTY
I don't know what it is. I get up there and I just freeze up. Like a mental block or something. I know if I could just do it once, everything'd be all right...

SUZY
Well, according to my shrink, all of our emotional anxieties are a direct result of the influence our parents had in our childhood.

MARTY
In that case, you can kiss me off right now.

SUZY
Oh, Marty, I've met your parents. They're not THAT bad.

MARTY
Oh, no? Try spending 17 years with a slacker.

They are walking past a CHEVY DEALERSHIP.

SUZY
Well, at least he's letting you borrow the car tomorrow night, isn't he?

MARTY
Hey, I'm TAKING the car tomorrow night. If I wait around for him to make a decision, I'll be collecting social security.

Marty spots a red Camaro Z-28 in the showroom.

MARTY
Hey, check out that Z-28. Now THAT'S a car.
(sighs, admiring it longingly)
Someday, Suzy, someday...

SUZY
What about your mother? Does she know?

MARTY
Are you kidding? She thinks I'm going camping with the guys. If she found out I was going camping with you, she'd freak.

SUZY
(nods knowingly)
My shrink says a lot of parents are sexually repressed.

MARTY
My mom repressed? That's an understatement. If you listen to her, well, I must be living proof of immaculate conception.

They pause in front of a boarded up storefront that was once a cafe.

SUZY
(flirting)
She's just trying to keep you respectable.

MARTY
(flirting back)
She's not doing a very good job, is she?

They move closer...

SUZY
Terrible...

They're about to kiss...

A CAR HORN HONKS LOUDLY. Suzy turns away.

SUZY
That's my ride. See you tomorrow.

She runs over to the waiting car and hops in.

Marty watches her go.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBDIVISION - DAY

What was the suburban American dream of the 1950's is the suburban American ghetto of the 1980's.

This development is called "Lyon Estates," and the entrance is marked with the STATUE OF A LION atop a monument engraved with the name. Beyond it, rows of boring, unimpressive single family brick houses stretch toward the high tension lines on the horizon.

MARTY skateboards past the lion toward the place he calls home.

EXT. McFLY HOME - DAY

A WRECKER has just pulled up in front of the McFly home with a 1979 Plymouth Reliant in tow: its front end is completely smashed, as if someone rammed it into a brick wall.

Looking on with horror is timid GEORGE McFLY, 47, a balding, boring, uninspired man who wears a suit he bought at Sears 4 years ago.

Next to him is BIFF TANNEN, 48, an intimidating lout, who wears gold chains and pinky rings, with sartorial taste to match.

MARTY skateboards up to the scene and is shocked. He listens as Biff lambasts his father.

BIFF
I can't believe you did this, McFly.
I can't believe you loaned me your
car without telling me it had a
blind spot. I could have been
killed!
(to the tow truck driver)
Just leave it right there, right
there.

The wrecked Plymouth is in front of a fire hydrant. The driver shrugs and unhitches it.

GEORGE
Biff, I never noticed any blind
spot before.

BIFF
That's because you don't pay attention.

GEORGE
Well, who's gonna pay for this?

BIFF
You've got insurance, don't you?
I wanna know who's gonna pay for THIS!
(indicates his stained suit)
I spilled beer all over it when
that car hit me. Who's gonna pay
the cleaning bill?

George hesitates, then meekly pulls out his wallet.

GEORGE
Do you think 20 dollars'll cover it?

Biff snatches the 20 dollar bill out of George's hand.

BIFF
It's a start.
And as long as I'm here, gimme
those reports.

GEORGE
Well, I haven't finished them yet.
I figured since they weren't due
till Monday...

BIFF
McFly, you never cease to amaze me.
I've gotta have time to recopy 'em.
Do you realize what would happen
if I turned in MY reports in YOUR
handwriting? I'd get fired!

GEORGE
Oh, yeah, Biff, I wasn't thinking.
Well, I'll finish them tonight and
run them over first thing in the
morning.

BIFF
Not too early---I sleep in on Saturday.
(about to leave)
Oh, hey, McFly: your shoe's untied.

GEORGE
(falling for it)
Huh?

He looks down and Biff hits him in the chin. Biff laughs loudly.

BIFF
Don't be so gullible, McFly!

Biff walks over to his sparkling year old CADILLAC in the McFly driveway. He spots Marty.

BIFF
Hiya, kid. How do you like my new
paint job?

Marty doesn't. He steps over to his father, outraged.

MARTY
Christ, Dad, what do you let that asshole walk all over you for?

GEORGE
Keep your voice down, son.

MARTY
I can't believe you let him borrow the car. Look at it! It's totalled!

GEORGE
What else could I do? He's my supervisor.

Biff screeches out of the driveway in his Cadillac.

MARTY
You could say no for a change. Jesus, Dad, you promised me the car tomorrow night! I had a date with--- I mean, I'm going camping! This was really important to me! And you had to go and ruin it!

GEORGE
Well, son, accidents do happen. I guess you'll have to cancel.

Now a COP pulls up alongside the wrecked Plymouth. He calls to George.

COP
Is this your car here?

GEORGE
Yes, sir.

COP
I'm gonna have to cite you for parking next to a fire hydrant.

Marty shakes his head hopelessly.

CUT TO:

INT. AT THE McFLY DINNER TABLE - NIGHT

The McFly family is dining on meat loaf, Kraft macaroni and cheese, Bird's Eye mixed vegetables, and French's instant mashed potatoes.

GEORGE has papers in front of him instead of food: he's doing the work Biff gave him.

Marty's mother LORRAINE, 47, was once very attractive. Now she's OVERWEIGHT, in a rut, a victim of suburban stagnation. She more food on her plate than anyone else, and a glass of vodka.

Sister LINDA, 19, is cute but wears too much eye makeup; brother DAVE, 22, wears a McDONALD'S UNIFORM and is wolfing down his food.

DAVE
(to Marty)
I'd let you use my car, but I'm
working tomorrow night.
(checks watch)
Damn, I'm late.

He wipes his mouth and hurries off.

LORRAINE
Please watch your language, David.
(to Marty)
Marty, you're not insured to drive your
brother's car anyway. Let's face it,
this just wasn't meant to be.

MARTY
Spare me the scientology, Ma.

LINDA
(to Marty)
Suzy Parker called...wants you to
call her back.

LORRAINE
I don't like her, Marty. Any girl who
calls up a boy... Well, girls
just shouldn't do that.
Pass the mashed potatoes, please.

Marty passes them and Lorraine takes a big helping.

LINDA
Oh, Mother, there's nothing wrong
with calling a boy.

LORRAINE
Well, I think it's terrible, girls
chasing boys. Boys won't respect
you, Linda. They'll think you're
cheap.

Linda rolls her eyes. She's heard this a million times.

LINDA
Then how are you ever supposed to meet anybody?

LORRAINE
It'll just happen. Like the way I met your father.

LINDA
But that was so stupid! Grandpa hit him with his car.

LORRAINE
It was meant to be.

LINDA
I still don't understand what Dad was doing in the middle of the street.

LORRAINE
What was it, George? Birdwatching?

GEORGE
(absorbed in his work)
Huh? Did you say something, Lorraine?

LORRAINE
Never mind.
(to Linda and Marty)
Anyway, Grandpa hit him with the car and brought him into the house. Luckily he wasn't badly hurt.

LINDA
Yeah, Mom, you've told us a million times: "and it was love at first sight."

LORRAINE
(thoughtfully, remembering)
No, it was more like...interest at first sight. Actually, I fell in love with him the next week at the "Springtime in Paris" school dance...on the floor of the gymnasium...
We were dancing to the music of Marvin Moon And The Midnighters.

Marty and Linda exchange a look and shake their heads.

LORRAINE (continuing)
That was the moment I knew I wanted to spend the rest of my life with him.

LINDA

Cornball city.

MARTY

You've been reading too many romance novels, Ma.

He gets up, finished eating.

LORRAINE

That's exactly the way it happened. Excuse yourself when you get up from the table.

Marty is already out of the room

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MARTY (O.S.)

May I be excused?

CUT TO:

INT. MARTY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marty's walls are covered with posters of rock stars and cars---particulary Camaro Z-28's.

Marty sits at a desk covered with electronic parts and tools, repairing his broken Walkman with a soldering gun. He is plugged into yet another Walkman, and bops to the music. Behind him is an array of audio and video equipment.

Now a RED LIGHT on his desk starts flashing. Marty removes his headset and picks up a CORDLESS PHONE.

MARTY (into phone)
Hello?

He is answered by an adult voice, businesslike but urgent.

BROWN (V.O. phone)
Marty, can you be at my place at precisely 1 a.m.?

MARTY
Doc Brown! When did you get back in town?

BROWN (V.O. phone)
And bring your video camera?

MARTY
Well...okay...but what's going on?

BROWN
See you at 1 a.m. Precisely 1 a.m.

Brown clicks off. Marty looks at the phone...but he doesn't seem too surprised.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Past midnight. All is quiet. Marty creeps out of the house, with a Betamovie camera on a shoulder strap, his perennial Walkman, and his skateboard.

EXT. ANOTHER NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Marty glides along a suburban strip, past McDonald's, Dunkin' Donuts, Kentucky Fried Chicken...and up to an old VICTORIAN HOUSE set back from the street. Clearly, the owner refused to sell out, and now past and present coexist uneasily side by side.

The house itself is dark...but light emanates from the GARAGE in back. Marty heads down the driveway.

INT. GARAGE

Marty enters. He's the only one here. The garage is filled with an eclectic array of high-tech equipment, tools, piles of circuit boards, automobile parts, and clocks. There are clocks everywhere, all kinds, from cuckoo clocks to digital models...and all appear to be in dead sync. It's 12:58:59...12:59 exactly.

Marty checks his own watch and curses under his breath: he's slow.

A short wave radio is tuned to WWV, the station that broadcasts the exact time, and time calibrations.

Marty looks around. On a workbench is some WELDING EQUIPMENT. Nearby is something that might be a low power laser; another shelf houses a miniature version of a matter accelerator. There is also a dog dish, and dog bed.

Marty opens a REFRIGERATOR. A small SAFE inside is open and empty. Marty helps himself to a beer.

It is now 12:59:58...59...1:00:00.

Cuckoo clocks go off together, an array of musical chimes sound, and digital beeps add to the cacophony.

Overiding it all comes a LOUD ELECTRONIC BEEP: Marty turns to see that a CASSETTE RECORDER has just lit up. From it, we hear the VOICE OF DR. BROWN.

BROWN (V.O. tape)
Marty, forgive my communicating in
this manner, but my phone is
disconnected. Please proceed to
the parking lot of the Three Pines
Mall...and bring your camera.

Marty shrugs, then skateboards out of the garage.

CUT TO:

EXT. THREE PINES MALL PARKING LOT

MARTY skateboards around the side of this typical suburban mall to a vast parking lot, brightly lit by sodium vapor. He sees

A MAN, A DOG, and A CAR.

The man is DR. EMMETT BROWN, 60, an intense, well groomed man with wild eyes. He wears a WHITE RADIATION SUIT, hood off.

The dog is his ST. BERNARD, named EINSTEIN.

The car is a sleek, stainless steel DELOREAN. It's been modified to resemble something out of Star Wars, with circuit boards and panels mounted on the roof and sides, connected by conduit to other boards and equipment, inside the car and out.

There are also several small cases of supplies and equipment, and a piece of American Tourister luggage nearby. Marty skateboards over, totally blown away by the car.

MARTY
Jeez, Doc, a DeLorean! When did you
get it? And what's all this stuff on
it? And what's with the Devo suit?

Brown never answers a question unless he wants to.

BROWN
Start taping, Marty: I'm ready to begin.

As Marty readies his Betamovie camera, Brown lifts open the driver's side gull wing door.

BROWN
Come on, Einstein. Get in, boy.

The dog obediently jumps in and sits in the driver's seat. Brown buckles him in with the shoulder harness. The dog has a DIGITAL WATCH attached to his collar.

Marty begins taping, handheld, cinema verite style.

BROWN
(to Marty and video camera)
I am Dr. Emmett Brown; this is Temporal Experiment #1. Date: October 5th; location: 3 Pines Mall parking lot, Elmdale.
Please note that Einstein's watch here is in precise synchronization with my control watch.

Brown holds up an identical watch next to Einstein's; indeed, the two are in dead sync.

BROWN
And now...we begin.
(to the dog)
Good luck, Einie.

Brown reaches in and starts the ignition. The DeLorean engine ROARS to life. Brown turns on the headlights and lowers the gull wing door, sealing Einstein in.

He steps back and picks up a REMOTE CONTROL UNIT, similar to one for a radio controlled toy car. There are buttons labeled "Accelerator" and "Brake," a joystick, and an L.E.D. digital readout labeled "Miles Per Hour." Brown flicks the power switch on and, using the accelerator button and joystick for steering, sends the DeLorean down to the far, far end of the parking lot. He turns the car around so that it's pointing toward them, idling.

BROWN
Here we go, Marty. If my calculations are correct, Einstein will cross the threshold point at precisely 88 miles per hour.

Brown takes a deep breath, then pushes the accelerator button.

The DeLorean takes off, shifting gears automatically.

The L.E.D. speedometer passes 30.

The stainless steel vehicle zooms faster...past 40...

Marty is getting it all on tape.

Brown watches intently. The speedometer climbs past 60.

IN THE CAR, Einstein remains calmly in the driver's seat.

Brown's finger holds the accelerator button down.

The meter passes 75.

The DeLorean keeps accèlerating, approaching Marty and Brown.

The speedometer hits 85...86...87...88...

The automobile is suddenly engulfed by a BLINDING WHITE GLOW---then, it disappears!

Marty blinks in disbelief: it's as if the car never existed.

BROWN
(elated)
Perfect! Absolutely perfect!
Temporal displacement occured at
(checks watch)
precisely 1:20 a.m. and zero seconds.

MARTY 059
(shocked)
My God, it disintgrated! And you
disintergrated Einstein!

BROWN
Not at all, Marty. The molecular
structure of both Einstein and
the DeLorean are completely intact.

MARTY
Then where are they?

BROWN
The appropriate question is: WHEN are
they. You see, Einstein has just become
the world's first time traveller.
I sent him into the future---precisely
one minute into the future.

MARTY
The future? What do you mean? Where
is he?

BROWN

Einstein is right here on this parking lot, one minute from now. Of course, we're closing in on him every second, and at precisely 1:21 a.m. and zero seconds, we shall catch up to him...and the time machine.

MARTY

Are you trying to tell me that the DeLorean is a time machine?

BROWN

Precisely.

Marty is speechless for a few moments.

MARTY

Jesus, that's some pretty heavy shit!

BROWN

Well, the stainless steel construction of the DeLorean made it more practical than a Buick.

(checks his watch)

Ten seconds! Aim your camera at precisely the spot where the DeLorean vanished...and brace yourself for a sudden displacement of air.

Marty aims the camera.

Brown grips the remote control unit tightly and counts down.

BROWN

5...4...3...2...1...

Suddenly, a SHARP BLAST OF WIND comes up out of nowhere, along with a DEAFENING SONIC BOOM---and the DELOREAN REAPPEARS right where it vanished, still going 88 m.p.h.!

Brown hits the brake button, slows the car down, and guides it around to a stop right in front of them.

He runs over and raises the driver's side door: there sits Einstein, none the worse for wear. Brown again compares the two watches.

INSERT - WATCHES

Einstein's reads 1:20:10; Brown's is 1:21:10.

BACK TO SHOT

BROWN
Exactly one minute difference---and
still ticking!

MARTY
Is Einstein all right?

Brown unbuckles the shoulder harness, and Einstein bounds out, happy and playful. Brown gives the dog a milk bone reward.

BROWN
Good boy, Einie!
(to Marty)
He's fine. And he's completely
unaware that anything happened. For
him, the trip was instantaneous.
That's why his watch is a minute behind
mine---he "skipped over" that minute
to instantly arrive at this moment
in time.

MARTY
Then you can only travel a minute into
the future?

BROWN
Good heavens, no. That would be hardly
worth the effort. No, Marty, this
temporal displacement vehicle is capable
of going anywhere, past or future.
Look here, it's simple...
(shows him the appropriate control)
Simply input the destination time
on this keypad. Want to see the
signing of the Declaration of
Independece?

He punches 7-4-1776. A dashboard L.E.D. lights up with the date.

BROWN (cont'd)
Or witness the birth of Christ?

He punches in 12-25-0.

BROWN (continuing)
Here's a red letter date in the history
of science...

He punches in 3-20-1955.

March 20, 1955? What happened then?

BROWN

I remember it vividly. It was morning. I was standing on the edge of my toilet, hanging a clock. The porcelain was wet; I slipped and hit my head on the sink. When I came to, I had conceived of the principle of the flux capacitance energy converter, which is the heart of the time travel unit.
My God, has it been that long? I've been working on this...
(pulls out an abacus and calculates)
...30 years, 5 months and 14 days... excluding vacations, of course.
(back to his explanation)
You set hours, minutes and seconds over here. The built in computer automatically corrects for the Gregorian and Julian calendars, and for century years.

MARTY

Heavy duty, Doc. And it runs on like, regular unleaded gasoline?

BROWN

Unfortunately, no. It requires something with a little more kick...

Brown indicates a cannister with purple radioactivity symbols on it.

MARTY

(reads the label)
Plutonium?!

BROWN

Plutonium pellets, actually. Oh, you'd better put on that radiation suit on before I reload. Not that there's any danger, but it never hurts to take precautions.

There is a YELLOW RADIATION SUIT next to the American Tourister suitcase. Marty puts it on.

MARTY

But it's illegal, isn't it, having Plutonium? Where'd you get it?

BROWN

A terrorist group, which shall remain nameless, approached me at the University about building them a nuclear bomb. They provided me with $100,000 capital and this case of plutonium pellets...

(steps over to the case)

...I in turn built them a lovely bomb casing filled with pinball machine parts.

Put your hood up, Marty, and get this on tape.

Marty and Brown both pull their hoods over their heads. Marty starts taping as Brown opens the cannister and removes a small container, like a pencil case, then closes the cannister. Brown steps over to the DeLorean and opens a panel in the left rear fender, like a gas tank.

BROWN

All I do is drop a single plutonium pellet into the flux chamber here...

He opens the lead container, removes a plutonum pellet (there are 4 altogether) and drops it in. He closes both the chamber and the container, then removes his hood.

BROWN

It's safe now. Everything is lead lined.

Marty removes his hood and continues taping as Brown explains.

BROWN

For some unknown reason, at precisely 88 miles per hour, an atomic reaction is triggered which is, in effect, a miniature nuclear explosion, all safely contained within the lead lined power unit.

(indicates a device in the rear interior)

It's as if an atomic bomb exploded inside and the radiation generated was gathered by a receiving dish, then immediately converted into electrical energy by the flux converter. This is, assuming, of course, that the time circuit is switched on.

Brown flips a switch on the console. "Time Circuit Activated" lights up on the panel. He turns it off again.

MARTY
How far can you go on one pellet?

BROWN
One trip per pellet. That's why I'm bringing some extras with me---to make sure I'll be able to come back.

He waves the lead case.

BROWN
And now, for experiment #2: I shall now personally travel 25 years into the future, so that I may observe the progress of mankind.

MARTY
How long will you be gone, Doc?

BROWN
I intend to spend several days, a week... perhaps a month in the future---oh, musn't forget my luggage...

He grabs his suitcase and puts it in the trunk (it's in the front).

BROWN (contiuning)
Who knows if they'll have cotton underwear in the future? I'm allergic to synthetics.
(slams the trunk)
However, to you, Marty, I'll be gone only a minute or two, because I intend to return to the present just several moments from now.

MARTY
Well, look me up when you get to the future, so you can tell me how I rich and famous I become.

Now Brown hams it up for the camera.

BROWN
I, Dr. Emmett Brown, am about to embark upon an historic journey. When you next see me, I will have seen the future...

Suddenly, Einstein starts BARKING at something.

BROWN
What is it, Einie?

Brown turns, and reacts with horror to an APPROACHING PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS: it's an ominous CAMPER.

BROWN
Oh, God, no---they found me. I don't know how, but they found me.

MARTY
Who?

BROWN
The terrorists!

Indeed---the barrel of an AK 47 submachine gun is thrust out the camper window.

BROWN
Experiment aborted! Run for it, Marty: I'll divert their attention...

Brown throws down the small case with the additional plutonium and pulls a .45 revolver from inside his radiation suit and FIRES at the camper. He then breaks for the mall, a good 500 yards away.

The terrorist camper SCREECHES around sharply and gives chase.

MARTY
Doc---no! Wait!

But Brown keeps running and firing---and the camper closes the distance. No way can Brown outrun it to the mall.

Now the camper door opens, and a SWARTHY CHARACTER who resembles Yasser Arafat leans out with the machine gun.

TERRORIST
Dr. Brown, you American dog, you have betrayed our cause! For that, you die!

The Terrorist FIRES A BURST at Brown.

The bullets rip through the back of Brown's radiation suit and the scientist goes down.

Marty stands frozen in horror, video camera still in hand.

MARTY
Doc! Oh my God!
(at the terrorists)
You bastards!

As if hearing Marty, the camper makes a U-turn: it's coming for Marty!

Marty looks around. He's out in the open, and has only one chance: The DeLorean.

Marty dashes for it, even as the camper accelerates toward him, and dives into the still open driver's door.

IN THE CAR,

Marty swings the door shut, then looks over the array of switches and buttons on the console with frightened bewilderment: how do you start this thing? Then he spots the keys in the ignition on the steering column, just like any other car. He turns it over and shifts into first. He floors it.

THE CHASE

The DeLorean roars off!

The camper gives chase.

The speedometer approaches 40.

039

The Terrorist Gunner leans out of the camper and takes aim.

Marty sees this in the rear view mirror.

The speedometer climbs past 50.

The gunner FIRES.

Bullets pepper the back of the DeLorean: the rear window slats are cut apart and the window shatters.

Inside, a bullet impacts part of Brown's flux capacitance unit.

Instantly, "Time Circuits Activated" flashes on the dashboard!

Marty doesn't see it. He has the pedal to the metal.

The speedometer hits 75.

Marty checks the rear view mirror.

The camper is still keeping up.

MARTY
Let's see if you bastards can do 90...

The DeLorean continues accelerating.

The speedometer passes 85!

Marty again checks behind him: he's gaining some distance on the camper. He smiles.

The speedometer climbs...86...87...88---

INT. MOVING DELOREAN, BEHIND MARTY, THRU THE WINDSHIELD

The mall parking lot becomes a mutated blur with a weird halo effect---then there's a sudden, intense BURST OF WHITE LIGHT, lasting only a split second---and the landscape is now CORNFIELDS!

Marty speeds through the furrows, trying to find a way out. He's completely disoriented.

Suddenly, he's out of the cornfield and racing through a clearing---right for a BARN!

Marty jerks the wheel, hoping to avoid crashing into it.

EXT. BARN AND BARNYARD - NIGHT

But the DeLorean donuts around and CRASHES SIDEWAYS THROUGH THE BARN, ripping off the barn doors! We hold a moment. We hear a DOG start BARKING.

IN THE CAR

Marty lies stunned across the wheel. His radiation suit hood has fallen over his head.

EXT. NEARBY FARMHOUSE

A light goes on in the nearby FARMHOUSE. Now, FARMER PA PEABODY, 45, comes out in his bathrobe, carrying a lantern. Behind him is his wife, MA; their buxom 14 year old DAUGHTER, and lively 11 year old son SHERMAN.

They approach the barn, note the damage, then cautiously enter.

INT. BARN

The Peabodys stare in open-mouthed astonishment:

The stainless steel vehicle faces them head on, headlight beams shining through the dust. With its wheels buried in the straw and amber hazard lights blinking, it looks like a SPACE SHIP!

Ma and Pa exchange an uneasy look.

MA
What do you figure it for, Pa?

PA
I don't know, Ma, but I don't like it.

SHERMAN
It's a flying saucer, Pa! From outer space!

Now the driver's gull wing door rises slowly...just like a hatch.

PA
Stay back!

039

Pa motions them all back. They watch expectantly, uneasily, with expressions of curiosity mixed with fear.

Now Marty falls out, looking like a formless yellow blob.

PA
It's a monster! A yellow blob!

Marty slowly stands, still dazed, his back to the family.

SHERMAN
It ain't no blob, Pa! It's a robot! A Martian robot!

Marty turns: with his radiation mask on, he looks like a hideous alien.

Ma SCREAMS and FAINTS!

SHERMAN (continuing)
And it just killed Ma---just by lookin' at her!

Marty mutters something that's unintelligible through the radiation hood.

PA
Run, children! Run for your life!

They all run like hell out of the barn!

Marty tries to follow, but his suit is caught on the door frame: he's stuck. He takes a few moments to free himself.

Now he stumbles toward the barn door, still shaken from the crash.

EXT. BARNYARD

Marty steps out into the barnyard: he's met by a SHOTGUN BLAST! Buckshot cracks into the barn wall behind him.

PA PEABODY is aiming a double-barreled shotgun at him from the farmhouse porch. He squeezes off the 2nd barrel.

Shot explodes in the dirt near Marty's feet! He dashes back into the barn!

Pa breaks the gun and reloads, then moves cautiously toward the barn. Just as he's about to enter, the DELOREAN THUNDERS OUT!

Pa Peabody jumps back!

The car spins around, then finds the dirt access road and ROARS AWAY.

B.F. 6059

Pa FIRES both barrels at the departing vehicle.

PA
Take that, you Martian bastard!

Now he turns and sees Ma coming out of the barn. She's dazed, and rubs her head.

MA
Oh...my head...!

PA
Ma! You're all right!

Sherman has just come running out of the house, with something in his hand.

SHERMAN
Pa! No! Don't go near her! She's a space zombie! She's got no more free will! The Martian took over her brain!

PA
What the hell are you talkin', boy?

SHERMAN
Read this! It's all in here!

Sherman shows him a WEIRD SCIENCE comic book. On the cover is a space ship that resembles a 50's version of the DeLorean. An alien is stepping out who looks something like Marty in the radiation suit, and he appears to have enslaved several human females. The title of the story is "Space Zombies From Mars."

Peabody looks at it, then glances over at his wife with some trepidation.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DELOREAN

tears along the dirt road and out onto a TWO-LANE HIGHWAY.

EXT. HIGHWAY

The DeLorean speeds past a large lit billboard: "Step Into The Future With The All New 1955 Studebaker!"

The DeLorean SCREECHES to a halt and backs up.

MARTY

stares up at the Studebaker billboard in disbelief. Now he looks down at the dashboard.

INSERT - DASHBOARD L.E.D.

The date on the destination time is Saturday, 3-19-1955, 4:35 a.m.

MARTY

frantically turns on the car radio and twists the tuner, picking up part of a commercial: "...the best value in the 48 states..."; music: Perry Como singing "Papa Loves Mambo;" and part of a newscast: "...President Eisenhower indicated he would seek re-election in 1956...".

Marty is incredulous.

MARTY

Holy shit. 1955. I haven't even
been born yet.

Then the car engine dies, replaced by a HISSING SOUND. Marty sticks his head out the window and looks at the rear engine.

HIS P.O.V. OF

a HUGE CLOUD OF STEAM spewing forth. The radiator is shot.

MARTY

sighs helplessly.

MARTY

Christ.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY, BEHIND BILLBOARD - DAWN

Morning light breaks. Marty is pushing the DeLorean into some tall brush behind the billboard, effectively hiding the car from view. He's wearing jeans and an ordinary light jacket, having stashed the radiation suit in the car.

Marty takes a deep breath, then leaves the car and starts walking down the highway, toward town.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE LION MONUMENT AT LYON ESTATES - DAY

Marty has arrived at the entrance to LYON ESTATES, and there is the familiar lion monument.

But beyond it is a vast expanse of cleared ground and lots---without any homes! The subdivision hasn't been built yet!

A BILLBOARD depicts an artist's rendering of what's to come: an idyllic brick home, nestled between magnificent oak trees, with a proud family of four beside their Cadillac. Below, in big block letters: "Live in the home of tomorrow...today! Lyon Estates, scheduled completion, This Winter."

MARTY

I can hardly wait.

EXT. ELMDALE CENTRAL BUSINESS DISTRICT - DAY

The street is immediately recognizeable as the street Marty skateboarded down to get to the YMCA, but in 1955, it's a healthy, vibrant center of commerce. The same buildings are well kept and clean, and the street bustles with Saturday morning activity. "East Of Eden" is playing at the Orpheum, and the same Bank Of Elmdale has a standard clock instead of the digital model we saw in 1985.

MARTY walks along, staring in amazement at the differences, the cars, the clothes...and the prices.

He walks past the Chevy dealership, now showcasing "new" 1955 cars.

And next to it, the previously boarded up cafe is now open for business. Marty notices a PUBLIC TELEPHONE SIGN on the window: he's got an idea. He enters.

INT. CAFE - DAY

A typical counter joint of the period; 2 or 3 CUSTOMERS are having breakfast.

Marty stares at the signs advertising menu items: Hamburger - 25 cents. Ham & Cheese - 30 cents. Chocolate Sundae - 15 cents. A sign over the cigarette display says "All Brands 20 cents."

LOU, the counterman, spots Marty.

LOU
Lookin' for something, kid?

MARTY
Uh, the telephone?

Lou points it out, in back: a phone booth.

MARTY

goes into the phone booth and flips through the directory.

INSERT - DIRECTORY

Marty's finger comes to rest at "Brown, Emmett L."

MARTY

smiles---just what he was hoping for. The sign on the phone says "Local Calls - 5 cents." Marty digs out a nickel and dials the number. It rings...and rings...and rings. No answer. He hangs up.

MARTY
Shit.

INT. CAFE

Marty saunters out of the phone booth and takes a seat at the counter.

Lou serves the NERDY LOOKING KID next to Marty a bowl of cold cereal, then looks at Marty.

LOU
What'll it be?

MARTY
Gimme a Tab.

LOU
What?

MARTY
A tab.

LOU
Kid, I can't give you the tab
unless you order something.

MARTY
Uh...coffee.

Lou pours a cup of coffee and brings it to him. Marty looks at the bowl of sugar cubes in front of him.

MARTY
Have you got any Sweet'N Lo?

LOU
Sweet and what?
(eyeing him suspciously)
Kid, you'd better pay for this
right now.

MARTY
Okay.

He pulls out his wallet and gives Lou a crisp, new 20 dollar bill. Lou's eyes nearly fall out of his head.

LOU

A 20? What do you think this is, a bank? I can't break a 20 for a nickel cup of coffee.

(suddenly suspicious)

Say, what's a kid your age doing with a 20 dollar bill anyway?

Marty gulps, pulls a nickel out of his pocket and takes back his 20. Lou gives him a look, then walks away.

Marty drops a sugar cube in his coffee, and just as he's about to take a sip...

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, McFly!

MARTY

Huh?

He spins around on his stool...and the nerdy kid next to him spins around on his stool, too.

The voice came from a PUNK, 17; behind him are 3 OTHER PUNKS. The lead punk is coming right toward Marty...no, he's stepping over to the nerd...

NERDY KID

Uh, hi, Biff, how's it going?

Yes, the punk is BIFF TANNEN, aged 17! And the nerdy kid is GEORGE McFLY, also 17.

Marty watches the exchange with utter amazement.

BIFF

You got my homework finished, McFly?

GEORGE

Well, no. I figured since it's not due till Monday...

BIFF

Think, McFly, think! I've gotta have time to recopy it. Do you realize what would happen if turned in MY homework in YOUR handwriting? I'd get kicked out of school!

(notices Marty staring at him)

What are you lookin' at, asshole?

Marty says nothing. He just keeps staring.

GEORGE
Uh, okay, Biff, I'll do it today and bring it over.

BIFF
That's more like it. Oh, hey, McFly--- your shoe's untied.

GEORGE
(looks down, falls for it)
Huh?

Biff hits him in the chin. He laughs loudly, as do his cronies...and they leave.

Marty, still in disbelief, turns to George.

MARTY
So you're George McFly?

GEORGE
Uh huh.

MARTY
Your birthday's August 18th, and your mother's name is Sylvia?

GEORGE
Yeah. Who are you?

MARTY
What do you let that asshole walk all over you for?

GEORGE
What else can I do? He's bigger than me.

With that, George puts 35 cents on the counter and heads out the door. Marty watches in disbelief.

MARTY
Once a wimp, always a wimp.

Now Lou looks up from the cash register at Marty.

LOU
Hey, you! What's with this phony nickel? It says "1978" on it! What are you trying to pull?
(calls into the back)
Doris, call the cops!

Marty bolts the hell out of there!

ON A RESIDENTIAL STREET

The homes evoke pleasant nostalgia: front porches and white picket fences.

MARTY peeks out from behind a bush and watches as

GEORGE

begins climbing a tree.

MARTY

can't figure it out.

MARTY
What's he doing...?

GEORGE crawls out along a branch which overhangs the street, about 12 feet up, then produces a pair of binoculars from inside his jacket.

Marty watches curiously.

George trains the binocs on a second story window in the house across the street.

Marty moves for a better view. He squints at the window.

MARTY'S P.O.V. OF

a beautiful, svelte, NAKED GIRL in the 2nd story bathroom window, drying herself after a shower.

MARTY

absolutely cannot believe what he is seeing.

MARTY
He's a peeping tom!

WIDER

George crawls out a little further on the branch. The branch CRACKS, then breaks, and George tumbles into the street!

Marty watches as George groans, then slowly tries to get up.

Now a CAR comes from around the corner.

George doesn't see it, but Marty can see that it's going to hit George.

MARTY
Dad! Look out!

But George is still dazed. Marty dashes into the street and, in a spectacular flying leap, knocks him out of the path of the oncoming car.

As Marty moves to avoid the car, the car swerves in the SAME DIRECTION---there's a screech of brakes, and the car hits Marty!

George, never one to get involved, runs off, leaving Marty lying in the street, unconscious.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE ON MARTY'S FACE

as a hand puts smelling salts under his nose. He's lying on a couch and there's a bruise on his head. Now he moans, stirs and opens his eyes.

MARTY'S P.O.V.,

slowly coming into focus, of HIS MOTHER looking down at him with concern.

WIDER

MARTY
Mom! Then it was all a dream!
(starts to get up)
I---ohhh...!

Marty is weak and dizzy. He rubs his bruise. From what we can see, we're in a LIVING ROOM with floral print wall paper.

MOM
Careful, now. That's quite a bump on the head you got there, young man.

Her manner is distant, as if she were talking to a complete stranger.

MARTY
Mom, it's me, Marty. Don't you know me?

MOM
I'm afraid you're delirious. I've never seen you before, and I'm certainly not your mother.

A gruff looking man, mid-40's, approaches: SAM BAINES. With him is his lovely 17 year old daughter, the GIRL George was spying on.

SAM
Has he come around, Stella?

MARTY
(shocked)
Stella? You're Grandma Stella?
(sees the girl)
Then who are you?

GIRL
I'm Lorraine.

MARTY
But you're so...so...so thin!

Marty is already weak, dizzy, tired, and hungry, so he does the only logical thing he could do upon meeting his mother under such circumstances: he passes out!

CUT TO:

INT. LORRAINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

MARTY is in bed, under the covers, asleep. He stirs and awakens. He looks around.

LORRAINE is sitting in a chair facing him; she's been watching, waiting. She smiles.

LORRAINE
Feeling better, Calvin? You slept for almost 9 hours.

MARTY
(looks under the blankets)
Uh...where are my pants?

LORRAINE
(points)
Over there on the chair. They seemed a little tight, so I took them off.

MARTY
Uh---where's my underwear?

LORRAINE
With your pants.

MARTY
You took those off too?

LORRAINE
(smiles)
I've never seen red underwear before, Calvin.

MARTY
Calvin? Why are you calling me Calvin?

LORRAINE
Well, isn't that your name---Calvin Klein? It's written in your underwear.
(suddenly realizing)
Oh--I guess people call you Cal.

MARTY
No, well, actually people call me Marty.

LORRAINE
Well, I'm pleased to meet you, Marty. I'm Lorraine.

039

MARTY
Yeah, I know.

Lorraine comes over and sits next to him on the bed...right next to him.

LORRAINE
Mind if I sit here?

MARTY
(gulps, nervous)
Uh...no...

Marty moves as far away as he can without falling off the bed. He holds the blanket tight around his waist. She looks at him, fascinated.

LORRAINE
That's quite a bruise there...

She gently strokes his bruised forehead...and then runs her hand through his hair. Marty moves even further---and falls off the bed! He covers himself with the blankets.

STELLA (O.S.)
Lorraine? Are you up there?

We hear FOOTSTEPS coming up the stairs.

LORRAINE
(to Marty)
It's my mother! Quick, put your pants back on!

She throws him his pants and underwear; Marty gets back in the bed and puts them on under the covers.

Now STELLA enters. She sees Marty and smiles.

STELLA
Well, feeling better, are you?

LORRAINE
Mother, I'd like you to meet Calvin Klein. But everyone calls him Marty.

MARTY
Hello.

STELLA
Hello. Do you feel up to joining us all for dinner?

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A PLATE OF MEAT LOAF is handed to Marty by Stella. It looks like the same meat loaf he had for dinner in 1985...in fact, the whole dinner is the same!

STELLA
Have some meat loaf, Marty.
(calls into other room)
Sam, would you quit fiddling with that thing and come in here and eat?
(to her 12 year old)
Milton, don't eat so fast!

MILTON, 12, is shoveling food into his mouth.

STELLA (cont'd)
Lorraine, you're not eating enough. Have some mashed potatoes.

LORRAINE
No thanks, Mom.

Lorraine sits next to Marty on one side of the table; Milton across from them, Stella at one end, and Sam's chair is empty.

Now Sam rolls in a brand new Dumont Television, on a plywood dolly of his own construction.

SAM
Look at this: it rolls. Now we can watch Jackie Gleason while we eat.

MILTON
Oh boy!

Sam fiddles with rabbit ears and brings in a rather muddy image of a cigarette commerical. A SURGEON steps out of an operating room, lights up a cigarette, and turns to do a testimonial.

DOCTOR (on TV)
After facing the tension of doing 3 lung operations in a row, I like to relax by lighting up an Old Gold. I know its fine tobacco taste will soothe my nerves and improve my circulation...

SAM
Look at that picture: crystal clear! Why would anybody want to go to the movies when you can see this in your own home---free!

LORRAINE
(to Marty, explaining)
Our first television set. Dad picked it up today. Do you have a television?

MARTY
Uh...yeah...six of 'em.

MILTON
Wow! You must be rich!

STELLA
Milton, he's teasing you. Nobody has six television sets.

"The Honeymooners" has resumed---the classic "Man From Space" episode.

MARTY

Hey, I've seen this one--this is a good one. Norton shows up in his sewer clothes and wins the contest.

MILTON

What do you mean, you've seen it? It's brand new.

MARTY 039

I saw it last year on a rerun.

CONTINUED

MILTON
What's a rerun?

MARTY
You'll find out.

SAM
Quiet! I want to hear this!

STELLA
Marty, I'd like to give your mother a call and let her know you're all right.

MARTY
(gives Lorraine a glance)
Uh, well, no---you can't.

STELLA
Why not?

MARTY
Uh---she's out of town. With my Dad.

STELLA
Then you do live here in Elmdale?

MARTY
Well, yes---sort of---

LORRAINE
That's funny, I've never seen you in school. Do you go to Elmdale High?

MARTY
Well, not at the present time, but I will...in the future.

LORRAINE
(moving her chair a little closer)
That's wonderful news, Marty. Maybe we'll be in some classes together.

MARTY
Somehow I don't think it'll work out that way.

LORRAINE
Mother, with Marty's parents out of town, don't you think he should spend the night here? I'd hate for anything to happen to him with that bruise on his head.

She gives him a flirtatious smile.

STELLA
Marty, Lorraine is right. You must spend the night. You're our responsibility.

MARTY
Uh, gee, I don't know...

LORRAINE
And he can sleep in my room.

UNDER THE TABLE, Lorraine puts her hand on Marty's leg.

Marty immediately jumps to his feet.

MARTY
Look, it's very kind of you, but actually I'm, uh, supposed to spend the night with my Uncle Emmett... in fact he's expecting me right now.
(he's backing out, toward the front door)
So, thank you for everything, and I'll see you all later. Much later.

He turns and hurries out of the house.

Lorraine goes after him.

EXT. BAINES HOUSE

Lorraine comes to the door as Marty is going out of the front gate.

LORRAINE
Marty, wait! Please don't go.

MARTY
I have to.

LORRAINE
But will I ever see you again?

MARTY
Oh yeah, I guarantee it. You'll be seeing a LOT of me.

With that he takes off down the street.

Lorraine sighs romantically.

CUT TO:

EXT. BROWN'S VICTORIAN HOUSE - NIGHT

It's the same house Marty went to in 1985, only it is no longer surrounded by the fast food strip. Now, it is stands alone, a vast estate, the only building on the block.

Marty spends little time admiring it. He rushes up the front stairs and pounds on the door knocker.

We hear a BARKING DOG from within; then YOUNG DOCTOR BROWN opens the door. He's wearing an OUTRAGEOUS CONTRAPTION on his head, a bizarre conglomeration of vaccuum tubes, rheostats, gauges, wiring and antennas; but there can be no doubt that it's the same Dr. Brown, some 30 years younger. Beside him is another ST. BERNARD.

Marty stares at Brown's weird head gear.

BROWN
Don't say a word!
(to the barking dog)
Quiet, Copernicus! Down, boy!

Brown attaches a suction cup to Marty's forehead which is connected to a wire into Brown's contraption.

MARTY
Dr. Brown, I really---

BROWN
No, don't tell me anything: I'm going to read your thoughts.

Marty indulges him. Brown flips a switch on his "Brain Wave Analyzer." Tubes hum to life, and sparks jump from antenna to antenna. Brown concentrates, as if picking up he's picking up brain waves.

BROWN
Let's see now...you've come here... from...a great distance...

Marty nods, wondering if maybe the thing does work.

BROWN (continuing)
...because you...want me...to buy a magazine subscription!

MARTY
No---

BROWN
Don't tell me!
(takes another moment)
Candy! You're selling candy for
the boy scouts!

MARTY
No.

BROWN
Are you here because you want to use
the bathroom?

MARTY
Dr. Brown, listen: I'm from the
year 1985. I came here in a time
machine you invented---and now
I desperately need you to help me
get back to the future.

Brown stares at him in utter amazement for a moment.

BROWN
My God.
(removes the contraption from
his head)
That means that this damned thing
doesn't work at all!
(throws the machine down)
6 months labor for nothing!
Where did I go wrong?

MARTY
Dr. Brown, you've gotta help me get
back to the future! You're the
only one in the world who knows
how your time machine works!

Brown knits his brow and rubs a BANDAGE ON HIS FOREHEAD.

BROWN
My time machine works?

MARTY
It works like a mother!

BROWN
(skeptical)
All right then, if you really are
a time traveller, prove it.

Marty thinks a moment, then pulls out his wallet and shows it to him.

MARTY
Look, here's my driver's license.
Expires 1987. See my birthdate?
I haven't even been born yet!
(pulls out the 20 dollar bill)
Look at this money. "Series 1981."
(pulls out a color snapshot)
Here's a picture of me, my sister
and my brother. Look at her sweatshirt:
it says "Class of '84."

Brown looks the items over.

BROWN
Very interesting, but it could all be
faked. Who's the President of
the United States in 1985?

MARTY
Ronald Reagan.

BROWN
Ronald Reagan, the actor?

Marty nods.

BROWN
Why, that's the most insane thing
I've ever heard! Surely you could
have made up a better answer than that!

Brown goes back inside and SLAMS THE DOOR behind him.

Marty thinks, then gets an idea. He opens the mail slot and yells in.

MARTY
Dr. Brown! Listen to me! That
bruise on your head---I know how you
got it! It happened this morning!
You fell off your toilet and hit your
head on the sink. And then you
came up with the idea of the flux
capacitor, which is the heart of
the time machine!

A long moment, then BROWN opens the door again. He looks at Marty quizically, as if he wants to believe him.

MARTY

Now, how could I possibly know
that unless I was from the future?

BROWN

Where is this time machine now?

CUT TO:

EXT. BEHIND THE STUDEBAKER BILLBOARD - NIGHT

The scene is illuminated by the headlights of a PANEL TRUCK with the company name "Dr. E. Brown Enterprises, Inc. Atomic Engineering, Technical Guidance, Clock and Refrigerator Repair."

The DeLorean has been pulled out of its camoflauge, and Brown walks around it, studying it, fascinated. Marty is busy rigging up something at the console.

BROWN

I must say, this is a major disappointment: the car of the future
runs on gasoline and rubber tires.
Where are the wings? The ailerons?

MARTY

Ailerons?

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BROWN

You mean to tell me that in 1985, cars
don't fly? What happens, do we
have another "Dark Ages?"
Never mind, I don't want to know.
How does this thing work?

MARTY

Watch...

Marty has tied his Betamovie into the video screen in the DeLorean console. He runs the tape, and the image of Brown at age 60 appears, explaining the operation of the time machine.

BROWN

Why---that's me! I'm an old man!
Incredible! Thank God I've still got
my hair...baldness runs in my family,
you know. But what on earth am I
wearing?

MARTY

A radiation suit.

BROWN
Of course. Because of all the fallout from the Atomic Wars.

MARTY
No, it's just a precaution---here, watch, it's coming up now.

The part of the tape comes up about the plutonium.

OLD BROWN (ON TAPE)
...I drop a single plutonium pellet into the flux chamber...

BROWN
Damn, we need plutonium? That's a major problem. I'm sure that in 1985 plutonium is available in any corner drug store. But in 1955, the only source of nuclear energy that I know of is on an atomic test site...
Wait a minute---play that last part back again.

Marty rewinds it a bit and plays it.

OLD BROWN (ON TAPE)
"...It's as if an atomic bomb exploded inside and the radiation generated was gathered by a receiving dish, then immediately converted into electrical energy by the flux converter..."

BROWN
That's it! There's our answer! It's obvious, because of the operating principle of the flux capacitor. All I have to do is build a gamma radiation receiving device and connect it to the flux converter. Then we drive you out onto an Atomic Test Site, and when the bomb goes off, you go home.

MARTY
Hold the phone, Doc. I want to go back to the future, not get blown into the stone age. An atomic bomb would melt me to the frame of this car.

BROWN

No, it wouldn't. You're forgetting that time travel is instantaneous. You'll be zipping along through time before the destructive heat rays ever get to you.

I'm sure I can get the details about the next atomic test from my contacts at the University.

I know it'll work. After all, I said so myself, 30 years from now.

MARTY

I don't know, Doc. Driving around on a nuclear test site...I mean, that's pretty heavy.

BROWN

What does weight have to with it?

CUT TO:

INT. BROWN'S GARAGE - THE SAME NIGHT 1059

The DeLorean and Brown's truck are now parked in the garage. (Brown's own PACKARD is also here.) MARTY is going through the contents of the suitcase from the trunk. There are clothes, toilet articles, a battery powered HAIR DRYER, and a crossword puzzle book.

MARTY

There's no plans in here either.

BROWN is studying the flux capacitance unit at his work bench. Nearby is a receiving dish.

BROWN

Amazing. This flux capacitance unit is almost precisely the way I envisioned it this morning. But it sickens me to think that it'll take me almost 30 years to build it. I have to wait for the invention of---what's this thing called?

Brown holds up a computer board.

MARTY

The microchip.

BROWN

Microchip. And you say it's made in Japan, huh?

MARTY
All the best electronic components
are made in Japan.

BROWN
(shakes his head)
Unbelievable.
(a beat)
You know, there's still something I
don't understand. This so-called
accident that brought you here...
How could I be so careless?
What was I doing? What was I thinking?

MARTY
Doc, there really wasn't any way out.
These terrorists showed up, and they
started shooting, and you started
running, and then you...got...
(the memory is very painful)
Well, it all got pretty heavy.

BROWN
There's that word again. Why is
everything so "heavy" in the future?
Is there a problem with the gravitational pull of the earth?

MARTY
Doc, I'm not sure I should be telling
you all this. I mean, if you know too
much about the future, couldn't it
change history or something?

Brown considers this, then nods.

BROWN
Perhaps you're right. No man should
know too much about his own destiny.
It could have grave consequences.

MARTY
Yeah---that's exactly what Rod Serling
said. Something just like that
happened on a Twilight Zone.

BROWN
Twilight zone? Interesting phraseology. In fact, it's a perfect
description of where you are: a zone
of twilight, neither here nor there.

MARTY
Yeah, I know, "there's the signpost
up ahead...your next stop..."

BROWN
Pardon me?

Marty is rearranging the contents of his wallet, and now he stares at his color snapshot curiously.

MARTY
Hey, Doc, did you spill something on
this picture? It's like my brother's
fading out.

He hands it to Brown. Brown looks.

INSERT - SNAPSHOT

The photo shows Marty, Linda and Dave---but Dave's face is only a pale blur...and then it literally disappears before our eyes.

BACK TO SHOT

BROWN
No, I didn't touch it. Now his
head's entirely gone!

Brown and Marty both look at it together.

MARTY
And look---his hand is disappearing.
Like it's being erased.

BROWN
(thinking, developing a theory)
Erased from existence...

MARTY
Huh?

BROWN
Marty, you told me you interracted
with your parents yesterday.
Precisely what happened?

MARTY

Well, like I said, my father, George, was about to get hit by this car, so I pushed him---

(stops short in a shocking realization)

Holy shit! George was SUPPOSED to get hit by that car. That's how he met my mother. But I took his place. Which means that now...

BROWN

Your mother's amorous infatuation with your father has been transferred to you!

MARTY

Doc, are you trying to tell me that my mother's got the hots for me? But that can't happen---it's...it's... illegal!

BROWN

It HAS happened, and here's the proof.

(indicates snapshot)

You interfered with your parents first meeting. Since they haven't met, they can't fall in love. If they don't fall in love, they won't get married; if they don't get married, they won't have children. Thus, your brother is being erased from existence. He's first, since he's the oldest. Your sister will follow...and unless you repair the damage, you'll be next.

MARTY

(horrified)

Well, can I stop it? Can I fix it? Can I get 'em back together?

BROWN

Unfortunately, I can't answer that question: I'm a scientist, not "Miss Lonelyhearts."

CUT TO:

EXT. ELMDALE HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Good old Elmdale High in 1955 is pretty much the same as it is 1985. There is little activity in front, as school is in session. The BELL RINGS.

INT. SCHOOL HALL - BOYS' BATHROOM DOOR

The door opens and MARTY steps out, sporting a real 1950's look. His hair is slicked back and he wears period clothes.

He joins the students in the hall and looks around: he's searching for someone. He notes a large poster announcing the "Springtime In Paris Dance" this Friday. He nods knowingly.

GEORGE McFLY

now comes stumbling out of a classroom. His shirt tail is out, his hair is poorly combed, papers are practically falling out of his 3 ring binder.

As he walks through the hall, students LAUGH at him behind his back. Some of the boys kick him in the ass.

George turns, and we see he has a "Kick Me" sign hooked on his shirt collar.

Marty sees this and shakes his head. What a pathetic sight!

Now a hand yanks George by the arm: MR. STRICKLAND. And he looks exactly the same! Marty stares in amazement.

MR. STRICKLAND
McFly! Shape up, man!

He pulls the sign off George's shirt and shows it to him.

MR. STRICKLAND (cont'd)
You're a slacker! Do you want to be a slacker for the rest of your life?
I remember your father when he went here. He was a slacker too, and look where it got him: nowhere.

George nods in weak acknowledgement of Strickland's words, then hurries down the hall.

Marty approaches him.

MARTY
George! Hey, buddy, you're just the guy I wanted to see.

GEORGE
Huh?

MARTY
Remember me? From Saturday? I saved your life.

GEORGE
Oh, yeah...

He stops short and peeks around a corner at LORRAINE, walking down the hall, heading for the cafeteria. She doesn't see either of them. We get the feeling that George has gone out of his way to catch this glimpse of her. George sighs.

Marty looks at George looking at her.

MARTY
Quite a girl, isn't she George? You like to watch her, don't you? I'll bet you've got a crush on her.

GEORGE
How did you know?

MARTY
I know a lot about you, George. I know a lot about her, too. For example, I happen to know she has a crush on you.

GEORGE
(excited)
Really?
(suddenly less enthusiastic)
But she doesn't even know I exist.

MARTY
She knows, George. She told me.

GEORGE
Yeah? You know her, huh?

MARTY

Yep. And you know what else she told me? There's nothing she'd like more than to go to the "Springtime in Paris" Dance with you.

They are now standing in front of the poster announcing it. George gulps.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA

Marty follows George out of the cafeteria line. George's tray is full of the usual school slop: stewed tomatoes, creamed corn, and unidentifiable meat under gravy.

GEORGE

I just can't do it, that's all.

MARTY

Sure you can.

GEORGE

But what if she says no?

MARTY

She won't say no. She likes you. Just go up to her and ask her.

GEORGE

Right now? Here in the cafeteria?

MARTY

Why not? No time like the present. Look at her...

Marty points her out. She's sitting alone, at the far end of the cafeteria.

MARTY (cont'd)

Sitting there all alone. It's like she's waiting for you. Go on. What have you got to lose?

GEORGE

Well...I'll try...

MARTY

Thataboy!

Marty gives him a gentle push in the right direction, then follows a safe distance behind.

George's nervousness increases as he walks. His hands begin shaking, causing the entire tray to shake.

George passes a GROUP OF GUYS at a table: it's BIFF and his 3 cronies; GUMS, so named because he's missing his two front teeth; MATCH, who is perpetually chewing on wooden matchsticks; and SKINHEAD, who has a crewcut just this side of being bald.

Biff sees George go past.

BIFF
Hey, look---there's McFly. Gimme
that banana peel.

Gums hands it to him.

Biff is about to whip it at George's feet, but MARTY snatches it out of Biff's hand.

MARTY
Leave him alone, Biff.

BIFF
Hey! Who the hell are you?

MARTY
Just lay off, all right?

BIFF
Listen, asshole, I don't even know
you, but already I don't like you.

George continues toward Lorraine, still two tables away. His tray is shaking like crazy.

MARTY
Look, you've got the rest of your
life to kick the shit out of him,
so give him a break today.

BIFF
Oh yeah? Well, I'll give YOU a
break...

Biff picks up an apple and throws it at Marty's head---but Marty is just as fast and picks up a book to deflect it.

The apple bounces off the book and arcs back...toward George...and downward...

It impacts the floor right in front of George's feet!

George steps on the splattered mess and slips. His feet go out from under him, the tray goes up, and he goes down, right on his ass, only to be showered by his own food!

The entire cafeteria bursts into applause and laughter, with shouts of "Way to go, McFly!"

MARTY
(sick)
Damn!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MALT SHOP - DAY

Marty is dragging George (now cleaned up) down the street toward the MALT SHOP just ahead, the local teen hangout. TWO KIDS on homemade scooters (roller skates nailed to a 2 x 4 with an orange crate on top) cruise down the sidewalk past them.

GEORGE
I think we should just forget about this. She's not gonna go out with me---it's just not meant to be.

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MARTY
That's the whole point, George: it IS meant to be. It's your destiny.

GEORGE
My what?

MARTY
Your destiny, George. Your future. Don't you ever wonder about your future? Like whether you'll get married, or have kids...or if you'll ever amount to anything in this world?

GEORGE
No.

MARTY
I'm not surprised.

GEORGE
You sound just like my father.

MARTY
(to himself)
This is getting weird.
(points thru Malt Shop window)
Look, there she is...

THEIR P.O.V. THRU THE WINDOW OF

LORRAINE, seated with 2 GIRLFRIENDS (BETTY and BABS) in a booth, sipping ice cream sodas and talking.

BACK TO SHOT

MARTY
Just go in there and invite her.

GEORGE
I still don't get this. I barely know you---what are you making me do this for?

MARTY
Let's just say I have a vested interest in you and Lorraine going to that dance. Besides, I saved your life. You owe me.

GEORGE
All right...but what do I say?

MARTY
Say what you were going to say in the cafeteria.

GEORGE
Oh, no! That was for the cafeteria! This is different!

MARTY
Christ, it's a miracle I was even born.

GEORGE
Huh?

MARTY
Nothing. Just tell her you think she's the most beautiful girl you've ever seen. Girls like to hear that---what are you doing, George?

George has taken out pencil and paper and is writing.

GEORGE
I'm writing it down so I don't forget.

MARTY
(rolls his eyes)
Okay, tell her she's prettier even than Christie Brinkley---

GEORGE
Who's that?

MARTY
Oh yeah...uh, Marilyn Monroe.

GEORGE
Who's that?

MARTY
Never mind. Just tell her, "destiny has brought you to her, and you won't take no for an answer."

George writes, then Marty pulls George into the Malt Shop.

INT. MALT SHOP ✓

MARTY 059
There she is... Just go and ask her. I'll be sitting right here.

Marty points George in the right direction, and takes a stool at the counter, out of Lorraine's immediate view.

George takes a deep breath, takes two steps forward, hesitates, then turns to the SODA JERK at the counter.

GEORGE
Gimme a strawberry malted.

Marty shakes his head.

George looks at his "script" and mouths the words to himself. The Soda Jerk brings him his malted. George takes a slug; he gets up his nerve and approaches Lorraine, unaware that he now has a pink moustache. Despite his awkwardness and fear, there's something endearing about him, like a lost dog.

GEORGE
Uh, Lorraine...
(reads)
"My density has brought me to you."

LORRAINE
I beg your pardon?

GEORGE
Oh---what I mean to say is...

LORRAINE
(looks at him curiously)
Haven't I seen you somewhere?

GEORGE
(big smile)
Yes! I'm George. George McFly.
I'm your density---I mean, destiny.

LORRAINE
(remembering)
You fell down in the cafeteria
today! That was so funny---
especially when the creamed corn
fell on your head!

She giggles with her girl friends.

We hear the sound of the door being thrown open and a familiar VOICE calls to George.

BIFF (O.S.)
McFly, I thought I told you never to
come in here!

George turns and see Biff and his gang standing there. He shudders.

Marty drops his head in his hands and sighs.

BETTY
(to Lorraine)
I think Biff is so cute.

Lorraine nods in agreement.

BIFF
Well, it's gonna cost you, McFly.
How much money you got on you?

GEORGE
(quickly pulls out his wallet)
How much do you want, Biff?

As Biff starts to walk toward George, Marty sticks out his leg and TRIPS HIM! Everyone in the malt shop laughs, but Biff doesn't think it's very funny. Now Biff sees who tripped him.

BIFF

You!
(getting up)
All right, wise ass, you've been askin' for this...

Marty jumps off his stool, ready for action. Biff throws a punch which Marty easily avoids; then Marty delivers a left jab to Biff's gut, and slams a right into his face, sending Biff reeling backward into a table.

Match, Gums and Skinhead rush Marty.

Marty doesn't like the odds. He bolts out.

The 3 guys pull Biff to his feet and they all run out after Marty.

LORRAINE
(to her girlfriends)
That's Calvin Klein! Oh, God, he's a dream!

EXT. MALT SHOP AND STREET 359

Marty dashes down the street, followed by Biff and the boys.

Most of the kids in the Malt Shop hurry outside to watch, including LORRAINE and her friends.

Marty looks behind him---Biff and company are gaining.

Then one of the kids on the scooters comes by. Thinking quickly, Marty yanks the scooter out from under him, kicks off the oange crate and creates a homemade SKATEBOARD! Marty hops on it and sails off down the sidewalk!

Biff and the boys have never seen anything like it---nor has the kid whose scooter it was! Biff stares as Marty whizzes down the sidewalk.

BIFF

In the car!

Biff and the gang jump into Biff's covertible parked nearby. Biff peels out after Marty.

FURTHER DOWN THE STREET.

Marty looks over his shoulder and sees the convertible closing in. He cuts a sharp turn into the street, crossing right in front of Biff's car, and heads back in the opposite direction.

Another car comes up from behind Marty. As it passes, Marty grabs onto the back and hooks a ride!

Biff and the boys are stunned! Biff cuts a U-turn and continues the pursuit.

EXT. MALT SHOP

Marty, towed by the car, zooms past the Malt Shop. The spectators are truly amazed. Lorraine stares in open-mouthed awe.

LORRAINE

He's an absolute dream.

Now Biff's convertible comes racing after Marty.

B.F. 0039

MARTY

again looks over his shoulder and sees that Biff is closing in, fast. Things don't look good.

Up ahead is an intersecting street: Hill Street. Marty lets go of the car and cuts a sharp left onto Hill Street.

BIFF

is coming too fast to make the turn. He overshoots the intersection and has to make another U.

EXT. HILL STREET

It's an incredibly steep hill, and at the bottom is a railroad crossing. Marty accelerates as he coasts down.

Now Biff's convertible shoots onto Hill Street, actually lifting off the ground as it comes over the hill!

Biff drives like hell after Marty and he's closing fast.

Then Marty drops into a crouch, cuts his wind resistance, and speeds away!

AT THE RAILROAD CROSSING,

the warning bells start ringing and the gate begins to lower.

Marty reacts with fear.

A Diesel Freight is approaching.

The gate drops all the way down.

Biff speeds up to stay on Marty's tail.

Marty has no choice---he ducks under the crossing gate and corsses the tracks, passing just inches in front of the barreling Diesel!

Biff slams on his brakes. His wheels lock up and rubber SCREECHES aross the pavement...but nevertheless, he CRASHES through the crossing gate, coming to a stop right at the edge of the tracks...and the Diesel engine rips off his front bumper!

MARTY

continues on with a euphoric yell as the train roars on behind him, completely cutting off Biff's pursuit.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE TRACKS,

BIFF is pissed.

BIFF
I'm gonna get that son of a bitch.

CUT TO:

EXT. MALT SHOP - LATER

Time has passed; things are quiet at the Malt Shop.

Marty comes gliding down the street on his "skateboard," looking around for somebody. He hops off and enters the Malt Shop.

INT. MALT SHOP - DAY

The place seems deserted, except for the Soda Jerk. Marty looks around.

MARTY

George?

VOICE (O.S.)

Hi, Calvin---I mean, Marty.

Marty turns: LORRAINE is sitting in a booth behind him.

MARTY

Oh, hi.

LORRAINE

You know, you're the first person
who's ever stood up to Biff? I
was really impressed.

MARTY

Well, it wasn't anything, really.

She stands and moves toward him.

LORRAINE

Marty, this may seem a little forward,
but I was hoping you might take
me to the "Springtime In Paris"
Dance on Friday.

MARTY

Uh, well, funny you should bring
that up,a¶cause you know who
really wants to take you, and I
really think you'd hit it off with
him, is George McFly.

LORRAINE

George McFly? Me, hit it off with
that chicken? Are you kidding?
He's not my type. He wouldn't even
stand up for himself today.
(moving closer to him)
You're more my type, Marty...because
you stood up for him. Just like I
know you'd stand up for me. I think
a man should be strong...so he
can protect the woman he loves.
Don't you?

She moves even closer. Marty gulps. This is REALLY
getting out of hand!

LORRAINE

So what do you say about Friday?

CUT TO:

INT. BROWN'S GARAGE - NIGHT

BROWN rolls out from under the DeLorean on a "sliding boy" garage dolly, reacting with shock at what Marty has just told him. (The car is up on blocks and he's been working on it; a radiation gathering dish has been welded to the car roof.)

BROWN
You did WHAT??

MARTY
I turned her down. I had to.

BROWN
Isn't this the critical dance? The one where they fall in love?

MARTY
Yeah.

BROWN
Then you've got to pick up that phone and invite her. That way you'll be guaranteed she'll at least be there.

MARTY
What good's that gonna do? She's gotta fall for my old man.

BROWN
It's a simple logistical exercise. You take her to the dance, and then you figure out some way to get her and your father to interact. Hopefully, nature will then take its course.

MARTY
I can't ask my own mother out on a date! That's sick!

BROWN
She's not your mother yet, and she won't be, either, unless you use every oppurtunity you can to get her interested in your father.

MARTY
(sighs)
Christ, my life has become a soap opera.

BROWN
Well, if you don't straighten this out, you won't have any life at all. Look...

Brown has picked up the family snapshot from a workbench. He hands it to Marty.

INSERT - SNAPSHOT

Brother Dave has entirely vanished from the photo, and sister Linda is beginning to fade.

BACK TO SHOT

Marty turns white.

MARTY
How much time have I got, Doc?

BROWN
The next Atomic Test is on the 28th, in New Mexico. To get there in time...
(picks up an abacus)
...let's see, approximately 1450 miles, average speed of 44 miles an hour...
(mumbles and calculates)
We must leave no later than Friday night, at midnight.

MARTY
But that's the night of the dance!

BROWN
Then I'd say you've got your work cut out for you.

Brown hands him the telephone and phone book.

Marty looks up the number, takes a deep breath, and dials.

MARTY (into phone)
Hello, Lorraine? This is Marty. Marty Mc---uh---Klein. Listen, uh, about that dance Friday...well, I really would like to take you after all.

LORRAINE (V.O. phone)
I'm sorry, Marty, but I already have a date.

MARTY
(excited, hopeful)
You mean George?

LORRAINE (V.O. phone)
No. Biff.

MARTY
Biff! You can't go to the dance with Biff!

LORRAINE (V.O. phone)
He asked me, Marty. It's true, he wasn't my first choice...

MARTY
Well, couldn't you get out of it?

LORRAINE (V.O. phone)
And show up with you instead? I'm not that kind of girl. Sorry, Marty, but you're too late.

MARTY
Yeah. I'll see you.
(hangs up)
Shit! She's going with Biff. That's all I need: to get back to the future and end up with Biff for my old man.

BROWN
Obviously you're going to have to sit down with this Biff character and reason with him.

MARTY
Reason with him? He just tried to run me over with his car.

BROWN
If he takes your mother to that dance, it could throw the entire space-time continuum out of balance. You're just going to have to explain that to him.

MARTY
Doc, it's gonna take a lot more than a science lecture to deal with Biff Tannen.

CUT TO:

EXT. A HOUSE - NIGHT

A dark house on a residential street. The name on the mailbox is "Tannen." It's late, quiet...the wee hours.

INT. BIFF'S BEDROOM .

CLOSE ON BIFF'S FACE, sleeping soundly, in bed.

A PAIR OF GLOVED HANDS place FEATHERWEIGHT HEADPHONES on Biff's ears. Biff doesn't stir.

THE SAME HANDS now insert a cassette tape labelled "VAN HALEN" into a walkman. A finger dials the volume level to "10," then presses "PLAY."

BIFF AWAKENS SCREAMING! He opens his eyes and reacts in further terror: He sees

A FRIGHTENING YELLOW MONSTER...Marty, in full radiation suit...at the foot of his bed!

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WIDER

Marty turns off the music. When he talks, his voice is distorted through the mouth filter in the hood. An open window indicates how Marty got in.

MARTY
Silence, Earthling!

BIFF
Who---who are you?

MARTY
(imitating Darth Vader)
My name is Darth Vader. I am an extra-terrestrial from the planet Vulcan!

BIFF
I must be dreamin'...

MARTY
This is no dream! You are having a Close Encounter of the 3rd Kind! You have reached the Outer Limits of the Twilight Zone!

BIFF
I gotta get outta here!

Biff throws off the covers, but Marty pulls the portable hair dryer (from Brown's suitcase) out of his belt like a gun. He fires a blast of heat at Biff.

MARTY
Halt! My heat ray will vaporize you
if you do not obey me!

Biff stops short and raises his hands in surrender.

BIFF
All right! Turn it off! Turn it off!

Marty lowers it. Now his digital watch alarm begins BEEPING. Marty raises his wrist as if it were a radio.

MARTY
Silence! I am receiving a transmission
from the Battlestar Galactica!
(after several more beeps)
You, Biff Tannen, have been selected
by the Supreme Klingon to rendezvous
with our Mother Ship upon its
arrival 4 Earth Cycles from now...
Friday night in your language.

BIFF
Friday night? But I've got a hot
date Friday night!

MARTY
"Hot date?" Explain "hot date."

BIFF
You know, I was gonna get laid!

Marty turns on the walkman again. Biff SCREAMS!

BIFF
Turn it off! Please, turn it off!

Marty turns it off.

MARTY
Insolent Earthling! Do you wish me
to melt your brain?

BIFF
No! Please! I'm sorry, I'll do
anything---but don't turn that
noise on again!

MARTY
You will cancel your so-called
"hot date." You will cancel it
now!

Marty shoves the phone on the desk at him.

BIFF
But it's the middle of the night!

Marty plays the Van Halen tape again.

BIFF
All right, stop! I'll do it!

Marty stops the tape and Biff hurriedly dials the phone.
He listens as it rings...many, many times.

BIFF
(to Marty)
It's ringing...
(into phone)
Hello, Mr. Baines? Uh, this is Biff
Tannen. Could I talk to Lorraine,
please?
(pause, listens)
Uh, yes, sir, I know what time
it is, but it's kind of urgent.
(listens)
Well, could you wake her up, sir?
It's very important.
(long pause, waits)
Hello, Lorraine? This is Biff.
I have to cancel our date Friday
night.
(listens)
Yeah, I know what time it is, but
it couldn't wait---I had to tell you
right now. I'm sorry.

Biff has to move the phone away from his ear because
Lorraine is yelling so loud.

LORRAINE (V.O. phone)
Why couldn't this wait till tomorrow?
You're a jerk, Biff Tannen! And
I never want to see you again!

We hear Lorraine hang up.

Biff hangs up and looks at Marty fearfully.

MARTY

Well done, Earthling!
(throws him pencil and paper)
Write this down: on Friday night at 8 o'clock earth time, you will await the arrival of the Millenium Falcon at the junction of Highway 43 and State Route 12.

BIFF

But that's 80 miles from here!

MARTY

Be there---or suffer the consequences!

With that, Marty grabs his headphones back and disappears out the bedroom window.

Biff just sits there in bed, in open mouthed amazement.

EXT. BIFF'S HOUSE, PARK ACROSS THE STREET - NIGHT

The yellow garbed figure of Marty dashes across the street, into a park facing Biff's house.

Marty leaps over a hedge, and falls right on top of a TEENAGE COUPLE NECKING on a blanket!

The GIRL SCREAMS in horror on seeing Marty in full radiation suit! And the RED HAIRED GUY grabs his shoe and starts beating Marty with it!

Marty yanks off his hood.

MARTY

It's okay---I'm human! It's just a costume, just a joke! A practical joke!

The girl stops screaming and her red haired boyfriend stops pummeling him. Marty runs off into the night.

RED

(shaking his head)
This neighborhood's going all to hell.

CUT TO:

EXT. GEORGE'S BACK YARD - DAY

MARTY is facing GEORGE, challenging him.

MARTY
Come on, George, don't be such a
chicken. Hit me in the stomach.
Right here, go ahead.

Marty makes himself a target, but George seems quite unwilling. In the background, a homemade body bag (a duffel bag filled with clothes) is hanging from a tree.

GEORGE
I don't want to hit you in the stomach.

MARTY
You're not gonna hurt me. Just
give me a punch.

GEORGE
Look, I'm just not a fighter.

MARTY
How many times do I have to explain
it to you? We know you're not a
fighter. You know it, I know it...
but she doesn't know it. That's why
we've gotta make you look like
a fighter, somebody who'll stand
up for, somebody who'll protect her.
And you're not gonna look like a
fighter if you can't hit me in the
stomach.

GEORGE
But I've never picked a fight in
my life!

MARTY
You're not picking a fight, you're
coming to her rescue. Maybe we'd
better go over the plan again.
Where are you gonna be at 8:55?

GEORGE
At the dance.

MARTY
And where am I gonna be?

GEORGE
In the parking lot, with her.

MARTY
Okay. So right around 9:00, she's
gonna get very angry with me---

GEORGE
Why?

MARTY
Why what?

GEORGE
Why is she gonna get angry with you?

MARTY
(it's hard for him to say)
Well...because...well, nice girls
get angry at guys who...who try
to take advantage of 'em.

GEORGE
You mean you're gonna---

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MARTY
George, don't worry about it.
Just remember that at 9 o'clock, you'll
be strolling through the parking lot
and you'll see us...
(gulps)
...struggling in the car, you'll
run over, open the door, and say...?

George doesn't say anything.

MARTY
Your line, George.

GEORGE
Oh. Uh..."Hey, you! Get your damn
hands off her."
You really think I should swear?

MARTY
Yes, definitely, George, swear. Then
you hit me in the stomach, I
go down for the count, and you and
Lorraine live happily ever after.

GEORGE
You make it sound so easy. I wish
I wasn't so scared.

MARTY
But there's nothing to be scared of.

GEORGE
Oh, you wouldn't understand.
I'll bet you've never been scared
of anything in your life.

MARTY
Sure I have.

GEORGE
Yeah? Like what?

MARTY
Going on stage. Stage fright.

GEORGE
How'd you get over it?

Marty hesitates, trying to decide whether to tell him.

George looks at him, anxious to learn the secret.

MARTY
Well...
(takes a deep breath)
One day it was just important
for me to stop being scared,
to stop letting other people down.
So, I got over it.

George nods, as if he understands.

For one moment, Marty sees his father as he's never seen him before: as himself.

MARTY
(sighs)
Listen, George, I get a little
impatient sometimes. I don't mean
to get on your case so hard. I'm
sorry.

GEORGE
Oh, you don't have to worry about
my briefcase.

MARTY
All right, now come on and hit me
in the stomach.

George takes a deep breath and throws a flimsy punch into Marty's gut.

MARTY
No, George, put a little emotion
into it. A little hostility, a
little anger.

George tries to get himself angry. He makes some faces and throws another punch. It's not much better.

MARTY
Anger, George, anger.

GEORGE
Maybe if I used my left...

MARTY
No, George, just concentrate on
the anger. Anger.

George throws another punch. This one is slightly better than the last one.

MARTY
(sighs)
Well...I think you're starting to
get the hang of it. Just keep
practicing. I'll see you tonight.
Remember, anger, George. Anger.

Marty walks off, leaving George with the body bag. He stares at it, trying to make himself mad.

GEORGE
Anger...anger...

He hits it. He hits it again, harder...again., harder...again---he hits the tree!
George howls in pain!

GEORGE
Yeeeowww!! Goddammit!!

He's really angry now, and he socks the bag with his left---and KNOCKS IT CLEAR OFF THE TREE!

George is astonished!

CUT TO:

INT. BROWN'S GARAGE - NIGHT

The modified DeLorean has been loaded into Brown's truck. As noted before, there is a dish antenna on the car roof, plus some additional conduit, and several large vaccuum tubes to do the job of non-existant transistors and circuit boards.

Brown closes up the cargo doors. Marty stands nearby, dressed in coat and tie for the dance.

Also in the garage is Brown's PACKARD.

BROWN

Well, everything's ready to go, including our Security Clearance to enter onto the test site...thanks to some friends in high places.

Brown shows him the necessary government forms.

BROWN (continuing)

Remember, I'll pick you up in front of the school precisely at midnight. Don't be late---we're cutting it close as it is. We've got a long drive ahead of us.
Are you all right, Marty?

Marty is uneasy, a bit distant...scared.

MARTY

I don't know, Doc. This whole thing with my mother---I don't know if I can go through with it. Hitting on her, I mean.

BROWN

Nobody said anything about hitting her. You're just going to take a few liberties with her.

MARTY

Yeah...

Marty is about to get into the Packard. He hesitates and pulls the snapshot out of his pocket.

INSERT - SNAPSHOT

Marty is the only one in the picture now. It's as if his siblings never existed.

BACK TO SHOT

Marty stares at it, then puts it back in his pocket.

MARTY

Doc, if something does go wrong
tonight, if I don't get my folks
back together...when do you think
I'd cease to exist?

Brown thinks a moment, then sighs.

BROWN

Sure beats the shit out of me.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - DANCE - NIGHT

"Springtime In Paris" is well underway.

On stage is the band: Marvin Moon and the Midnighters. They're all black. Marvin plays lead guitar and sings; there is also a drummer, piano player, sax and bass. They're playing "3 Coins In The Fountain."

The gym floor has a paper mache Eiffel Tower in the center; students dance around it.

As usual at school dances, there are teacher acting as chaperones (including Mr. Strickland), a busy refreshment table, and wallflowers on the sidelines.

GEORGE is on the sidelines, bopping out of time to the music. He's quite nervous.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT

Brown's Packard pulls into the lot and parks.

INT. PACKARD - MARTY, LORRAINE

Marty, at the wheel, is very uneasy; Lorraine next to him looks beautiful in her best party dress. Marty glances at the clock on the dashboard. It's 8 minutes before 9.

MARTY

Uh, you don't mind if we, uh, park
for a few minutes...?

LORRAINE

Why do you think I'd mind?

MARTY
Well, I don't know, some girls just don't like to...

LORRAINE
Marty, I'm almost 18 years old. It's not like I've never parked before.

She scoots over, very close to him. Marty fidgets. Boy, is he nervous!

LORRAINE
You seem nervous, Marty. Is anything wrong?

MARTY
Uh, no...

LORRAINE
Have some of this---it'll help you relax.

She pulls a pint bottle of gin out of her purse. Marty is shocked.

MARTY
What are you doing with that?

LORRAINE
I swiped it from the old man's liquor cabinet.

She takes a nip.

MARTY
Lorraine, you shouldn't drink!

LORRAINE
Why not?

MARTY
Well, it's just not healthy.

LORRAINE
Don't be so square, Marty. Everybody who's anybody does it.

She hands it to him.

MARTY
Maybe I need it...

Just as he takes a swig, she pulls out a pack of cigarettes and lights up. Marty spits out the gin in surprise.

MARTY
Jesus---you smoke, too?

LORRAINE
Now, Marty, you're not going to tell me that smoking is unhealthy. Everyone knows that it calms your nerves and it's good for the circulation.

MARTY
It'll give you cancer!

LORRAINE
You know, you sound just like my mother. When I have kids, I'm gonna let them do anything they want. Anything.

MARTY
I'd sure like to have that in writing.

The comment goes right past Lorraine.

LORRAINE
So what are your parents like? Are they as square as mine?

MARTY
Lorraine, lately I've come to the conclusion that I don't know anything about 'em.

INT. SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - THE DANCE

Marvin Moon and the Midnighters finish up a number. Everyone applauds. Marvin steps up to the microphone.

MARVIN
We're gonna take a break now, but we'll back in just a little while, so don't go away.

The band members leave their instruments on stage and head out a side door.

GEORGE now glances at the clock in the gym. It says "8:59." Alarmed, he checks his own watch.

INSERT - GEORGE'S WATCH

which reads "8:55."

GEORGE

is even more alarmed. He runs over to a nearby STUDENT.

GEORGE
What time do you have?

STUDENT
Five after nine.

George is panic stricken! He runs like hell out of the gym!

INT. PACKARD - MARTY, LORRAINE

Marty fidgets and looks at the clock again.

LORRAINE
Marty, why are you so nervous?

Marty takes a deep breath.

MARTY
Well, have you ever been in a situation where, well, you know you have to act a certain way, but when you get there, you don't know if you can go through with it?

LORRAINE
You mean like how you're supposed to act with someone on a first date?

MARTY
Well, sort of...

LORRAINE
I think I know exactly what you mean.

MARTY
You do?

LORRAINE
(nods)
And you know what I do in those situations?

Marty looks at her.

LORRAINE
I don't worry about it!

And with that, she throws herself on him, kissing him passionately, climbing all over him, putting his hands on her breasts! Marty is absolutely shocked!

INT. SCHOOL HALL

George is at a pay phone, dialing a humber. It rings and a WOMAN answers.

WOMAN (V.O. phone)
At the tone, the time will be nine o'clock, exactly.

George doesn't wait for the tone---he takes off down the hall.

INT. PACKARD

Lorraine, her blouse partly undone and her bra exposed, continues her passionate assault of Marty---then abruptly stops and pushes him away. She's very confused.

LORRAINE
This isn't right.

INT. SCHOOL HALL - GEORGE

George runs down the hall to the front door. He throws it open and runs out---only to get his jacket caught on the door jamb! He tries like hell to get his jacket undone.

INT. PACKARD - MARTY, LORRAINE

LORRAINE (continuing)
I don't know what it is, but... when I kiss you, something's wrong. I almost feels like..like I was kissing my brother...or my father. I don't understand it, but I just know it's wrong.
I guess that doesn't make any sense, does it?

MARTY
Believe me, it makes perfect sense.

We hear the sounds of APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS on gravel.

LORRAINE
Sounds like somebody's coming.

Marty hears it too. He looks at the dashboard clock: 9:00.

MARTY
(to himself)
Not now, George. Not now...

Suddenly the driver's door is opened, an arm reaches in, yanks Marty out, and Marty finds himself face to face with

BIFF!

Match, Gum and Skinhead are also with him.

BIFF
Well, well, well. If it isn't "Dark Invader." Where's your space suit, space man?

MARTY
I don't know what you're talking about.

BIFF
Like hell you don't.
(to someone behind him)
Is this the guy, Red?

The RED HAIRED GUY Marty fell on top of in the park steps forward.

RED
That's him, Biff.

BIFF
Hold him, guys.

Biff shoves him roughly into the arms of Skinhead. Marty struggles, but Skinhead and Match grab him and restrain him.

LORRAINE
Let go of him! Leave him alone!

Biff takes a look at Lorraine in the car.

BIFF
Well, lookee what we have here.
(notices her exposed bra)
I see you're expecting me.

She lunges at her door to escape, but Biff grabs her and climbs into the car.

BIFF
Oh, no, you're stayin' right here with me.

Biff pulls her toward him.

MARTY
Get your hands of her, you son-of-a-bitch.

Biff leers at Marty.

BIFF
I'll take care of you after I take care of her.
(to his boys)
Take him around back. I'll be there in a minute.
(a beat)
Go on! This ain't no peepshow!

They drag Marty away. Biff shuts the car door and tries to kiss her. She struggles, and in a moment, all we can see through the windshield are tussling arm's and legs, accompanied by Lorraine's muffled screams.

EXT. SIDE OF SCHOOL

Skinhead, Match and Gums drag Mart around the corner to the side of the school where a CADILLAC is parked with its trunk open.

SKINHEAD
Hey---let's lock him in that trunk!

They throw Marty into the car trunk and slam the lid shut.

Then, the Cadillac's driver's door is thrown open and the DRUMMER from the band steps out. He's smoking a reefer.

DRUMMER
Say, what you messin' with my car for?

GUMS

Beat it, spook, this don't conern you!

The other 3 cars doors open, and MARVIN MOON and the OTHER BAND MEMBERS get out. They look real "bad" with their processed hair.

MARVIN

Who you callin' "spook," peckerwood?

Biff's boys exchange worried looks as the band members advance on them.

SKINHEAD

Hey, Gums, I don't want to mess with no reefer addicts!

Biff's boys take off (in the opposite direction from the Packard), but Marvin and the band manage to kick 'em all in the ass as they run away.

Now we hear beating on the trunk from the inside, and Marty's muffled voice.

MARTY'S VOICE

Lemme out! Lemme out!

MARVIN

Hey, Reginald, where's your keys?

The drummer checks his pockets, and inside the car. He can't find them.

MARTY'S VOICE

They're in here! The keys are in here!

MARVIN

Dammit, boy, you left them suckers in the trunk!

EXT. FRONT OF SCHOOL

George finally gets his jacket loose from the door jamb and hurries down the front steps, over to the parking lot. There are a few COUPLES hanging around.

GEORGE

runs frantically through the parking lot, looking for the right car. His eyes open wide upon seeing it.

GEORGE'S P.O.V. OF

the Packard. Through the windshield we see arms and legs flailing about in a struggle. We hear SCRAMING.

GEORGE

goes into his act. He adjust his pants, strides to the car like John Wayne, and opens the driver's door.

GEORGE
Hey, you! Get your damn hands---
uh, oh!

George realizes he's facing Biff. Now he's really scared.

BIFF
I think you got the wrong car, McFly.

LORRAINE
George! Help me!

George doesn't know what to do. He stares in dumbfounded amazement.

BIFF
Just close the door, McFly, and
walk away.

LORRAINE
George! Please! Help me!!

EXT. AT THE CADILLAC

Meanwhile, Marvin is trying to pop the trunk lock with a Stiletto Knife. He's not having much luck.

EXT. PACKARD

George is still facing Biff, traped in his moment of indecision.

BIFF
All right, McFly, I asked you to
leave. Now I'm gonna have to
teach you a lesson.

Biff steps out of the car, grabs George's right arm, and starts twisting it.

George grimaces.

Biff twists harder.

We see the pain on George's face...pain and anger...building anger...then, almost by reflex action, George lets go with a TREMENDOUS LEFT HOOK, SMACK INTO BIFF'S FACE!

Biff hits the ground, out cold!

George can't believe he did it! He looks at his fist, looks down at Biff, and grins widely.

LORRAINE
Oh, George, you were wonderful!

She looks at him with adoring eyes.

AT THE CADILLAC

Marvin has his knife in the lock. He gives it a hard jerk: the trunk pops open, but he puts a big gash in his hand.

MARVIN
Dammit---I sliced my hand!

Marty jumps out of the trunk.

MARTY
Thanks a lot!

He dashes back toward the Packard.

MARTY

rushes onto the parking lot and is astonished to see GEORGE AND LORRAINE EMBRACING...and Biff out cold on the ground. He keeps his distance, allowing them to have their moment.

Nearby, a few bystanders are discussing what they just saw.

BYSTANDER #1
Never knew McFly had it in him.

BYSTANDER #2
Laid him out cold with one punch!

BYSTANDER #3
Somebody better call an ambulance.

Marty can't believe what he's hearing.

Now George and Lorraine head for the school.

EXT. FRONT OF SCHOOL

George and Lorraine go up the front stairs. Marty watches from a safe distance away. Just as they're about to go in, Lorraine turns and sees Marty. She smiles. He smiles back.

Now Marty pulls out the snapshot and takes a look.

INSERT - SNAPSHOT

Marty's own image is beginning to fade.

MARTY

is shocked. He considers the situation a moment, then realizes the answer. He runs back toward the Cadillac.

AT THE CADILLAC

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Marvin is wrapping a handkerchief around his cut hand while the band looks on.

Marty runs over to them.

MARTY
Hey, you guys, you've gotta get back in there and finish the dance!

MARVIN
Sorry, my friend, but we're through for tonight.

MARTY
What do you mean, you're through?

DRUMMER
Look at Marvin's hand! He can't play with it like that. And we can't play without Marvin.

MARTY
But you've gotta play! That's where they fall in love---on the dance floor! If there's no music, they won't dance!

DRUMMER
Hey, man, the dance is over...unless you know somebody who can play guitar.

MARTY
As a matter of fact, I do...

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL GYM - ON STAGE

The band returns on stage, along with Marty who has Marvin's guitar.

Mavin steps up to the microphone.

MARVIN
Ladies and gentlemen, due to an unforseen accident to my hand, I will be unable to play during the last set. However, taking my place is a young man I just met, who I believe will do just fine. Let's have a round of applause for young Marty Klein!

There's APPLAUSE as Marty is hit by a spotlight.

Marty gulps...it could be the YMCA all over again.

GEORGE AND LORRAINE step out on the dance floor. Marty sees them; they see Marty and smile.

MARVIN
All right, let's hit it!
(singing)
1-2-3 o'clock, 4 o'clock rock!

Marty freezes. He misses the downbeat.

MARVIN (cont'd)
5-6-7 o'clock, 8 o'clock rock!

Again Marty misses his cue. The band members exchange looks.

MARVIN (cont'd)
9-10-11 o'clock, 12 o'clock rock,
We're gonna rock! Around! The Clock tonight...

Marty still hasn't played a note---he's too scared. The band plays without him.

George isn't dancing. He's looking up at Marty, with an expression of "say it ain't so."

Marty sees him, sees the disappointment and disillusionment written on his father's face. All he can do is react with shame.

George turns away. He can't even look at Marty now. He starts to walk away from Lorraine.

Marty's face takes on a determined look: he won't let George down, he can't. His right hand fingers grip the guitar frets tightly. He closes his eyes...takes a deep breath...his left hand moves toward the strings...closer...closer...and at last, MARTY PLAYS! And oh, how he plays---he's never sounded better; "Rock Around The Clock" never sounded better.

The band members exchange approving looks.

George turns around and sees for himself: Indeed, Marty is playing like he's never played before. Now he joins Marvin at the microphone and SINGS with him.

Marty sees George and winks at him.

George grins. He runs back to Lorraine, grabs her up and they start dancing! Lorraine is delighted!

And Marty is delighted. He now looks at the back of his guitar where he has attached the SNAPSHOT with chewing gum.

INSERT - SNAPSHOT

Marty's image is now sharp and clear, and his sister and brother are fading back in!

ON THE DANCE FLOOR

George and Lorraine are dancing their hearts out, and from the looks on their faces, there can be no doubt: they're in love.

INSERT - SNAPSHOT

The photo is now as it was originally, with Marty, Linda and Dave all "back in existence."

ON STAGE

Marty euphorically begins cavorting around like Little Richard!

Marvin is impressed...as are the other musicians.

And the kids all go nuts, jumping and screaming.

Mr. Strickland, however, just shakes his head with disgust.

Now Marty tears open his shirt and does some Elvis pelvis moves!

Girls scream!

Marty wraps up the song with a final riff, and the students all go berserk with applause!

Marty grins widely: his rock 'n roll dream has come true.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELMDALE HIGH

Brown's truck pulls up in front of the school. Marty comes running out and jumps into the cab.

INT. TRUCK - BROWN, MARTY

Brown looks at Marty with questioning eyes.

MARTY
Everything's cool! They're in
love, and here's the proof.

Marty hands Brown the snapshot. Brown has a look. Satisfied, he puts the truck in gear and pulls out.

MARTY
Yes, sir, old George really came
through. Laid out Biff with one
punch...cold cocked him...and
I had to miss it. I never knew
he had it in him.

BROWN
No?

MARTY
No. My old man's never stood up to
Biff in his life.

BROWN
(with concern)
Hmmmmm....

MARTY
(oblivious to Brown)
I just wish I could have seen it.

EXT. STREET

The truck drives off into the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT - TEST SITE ENTRANCE - DAY

A sign on the barbed wire fence reads "Restricted Area, U.S. Army Atomic Test Site, Authorized Personnel Only."

Brown's truck is at an intimidating looking gate, awaiting entrance.

CLOSER ANGLE

In the truck, Marty and Brown are both wearing white technician's coats.

An M.P. is looking over Brown's papers.

M.P.
(referring to the cargo)
Radiation equipment, eh?
You guys are sure cuttin' it
close. Zero hour's in 93 minutes.

BROWN
We'll be out of here.

M.P.
You'd better be.

He hand Brown back the papers and waves them through.

The truck proceeds.

CUT TO:

EXT. P.O.V. THRU BINOCULARS OF THE BOMB TOWER

The bomb tower looks something like an oil derrick...the A-Bomb suspended from the top. We are looking at it from a good distance away.

BROWN (V.O.)
There it is: ground zero. They drop the bomb from the top of the tower by radio trigger.

EXT. "SUBURBIA" TEST SITE

MARTY lowers his binoculars. BROWN is pointing the tower out to Marty from their "base" in the driveway of a tract home---exactly the same set-up we saw in the documentary in Marty's 1985 science class.

The truck is in the driveway, and the DeLorean has been unloaded: it's in the open garage.

They walk toward the DeLorean. Brown's coat is off---it's laying in the truck.

BROWN
You can monitor the countdown on the car radio: it's being covered live from CBS News Bomb Headquarters.

MARTY
Jesus, those guys cover everything!

BROWN
We're about a mile away, so give yourself a headstart of about... let's see, this thing does zero to sixty in about what? 2 or 3 seconds?

MARTY
Try 9 seconds.

BROWN
(shakes his head)
For the car of the future, it's pretty slow.

MARTY
Tell me about it. You should have built this into a Z-28.

BROWN
Z-28? Is that some futuristic new alloy?

MARTY
No, it's a car.

BROWN
Give yourself a headstart of about 30 seconds. That means at detonation you should have just passed that house over there.

Brown points to the most distant house. Marty has a look through his binoculars.

P.O.V. THRU BINOCULARS

of the distant house where there are mannequins on the front lawn: a man mowing the lawn and a woman sunbathing on a chaise lounge.

BACK TO SHOT

BROWN
We'd better set your destination time.

MARTY
Well, I left 1985 on October 5, at about 1:30 a.m. central time.

Brown lifts the gull wing door and programs the destination time.

BROWN
Then why don't we set your arrival time for 3 days later, on October 8, oh, about 8 o'clock in the morning. That'll give me 3 days to take a leisurely drive out here so I can meet you.

Marty becomes uneasy as he thinks about the fate of Dr. Brown.

BROWN (continuing)
It should be an interesting rendezvous.
(jots it down with pen and paper)
That's October 8, 1985, 8 a.m. Not that I'll forget, but why take chances.

Marty can't bear it. He takes a deep breath.

MARTY
Listen, Doc, there's something I've gotta tell you about the future----

BROWN
No, Marty. You musn't tell me anything more about the future.

MARTY
But this is important!

BROWN
I don't care how important it is, you can't tell me. We've already seen what disastrous effects prior knowledge can have on the course of future events. We must leave well enough alone. Neither of us has any business playing God, so let's just let history run its course.

Marty sighs, frustrated.

MARTY
All right.

Marty goes into the house.

INT. TRACT HOUSE 59

4 MANNEQUINS are seated at the dining room table, posed at dinner, with food in front of them.

MARTY sits at a desk in the LIVING ROOM, writing a letter. (The house is a model home, fully furnished, and the open desk drawer contains stationery.) He reads it over.

MARTY
"Dr. Brown, on October 5, 1985, at about 1:30 a.m., you will be shot by terrorists. Please take whatever precautions are necessary to prevent this heavy...
(crosses it out, corrects it)
...terrible disaster. Your friend, Marty. March 27,1955."

Satisfied, Marty folds the letter, puts in it an envelope, and writes something on it.

INSERT - ENVELOPE

"Dr. Brown: do not open until October 1, 1985."

EXT. TRACT HOUSE

Marty comes out of the house carrying a MALE MANNEQUIN on which he has put his white technician coat. He takes it to the truck and sits it in the cab. Now he checks to make sure that Brown isn't watching...

Brown is not. He's adjusting the dish on the DeLorean roof.

Marty pulls the envelope out of his pocket and sticks it in the breast pocket of Brown's coat, next to his sunglasses.

Now Marty rejoins Brown.

ANNOUNCER (V.O. radio)
T-minus 51 minutes and counting.

BROWN
Well, Marty, I'd better go. I'll see you in...
(takes abacus out of pants pocket)
...precisely 30 years, 6 months, 12 days, 21 hours and 9 minutes.

MARTY
I hope so, Doc. I hope so.

BROWN
(thinks he's referring to the DeLorean)
Hey, you've got nothing to worry about. It brought you here, it'll bring you back.

They walk over to the truck. Brown pulls out a walkie-talkie.

BROWN
Oh, here's a walkie-talkie. We can keep in touch until zero hour.

MARTY
Thanks.
(extends his hand)
Doc: thanks for everything.

They shake hands...and embrace.

BROWN
Believe me, Marty, it's been quite
an education.

He puts his coat back on, climbs into the truck and revs up.

BROWN
See you in the future!

Marty waves as Brown drives off.

CUT TO:

P.O.V. THRU BINOCULARS OF

BROWN'S TRUCK leaving the main gates.

INT. COMMAND BUNKER - DETONATION CONTROL

This is a 1950's version of Mission Control, where the personnel, Military and Civilian, actually control the nuclear test.

MAJOR LANZA is watching thru raised binoculars.

MAJOR LANZA
There go those 2 jokers from the
University, General.

Next to him is GENERAL NORDELL, gruff and military. Nordell takes a look through his own binoculars.

GENERAL NORDELL
G-2 should never let those eggheads
in here. I don't trust 'em. I'll
bet they're all working for the
Commies.

Major Lanza picks up a field telephone.

MAJOR LANZA
(into phone)
Command Bunker to Perimeter.
Is evacuation complete?

PHONE VOICE
Yes, sir. This area is now secure.

INT. TRACT HOUSE

CLOSE ON CONSOLE RADIO, broadcasting the countdown.

RADIO VOICE
We're coming up on T-minus 2 minutes till zero hour here at CBS News Bomb Headquarters...

MARTY is wearing his radiation suit, looking over the dinner table for something to eat. But the meal consists of meat loaf, mashed potatoes and mixed vegetables! Marty shakes his head and heads for the refrigerator in the kitchen.

EXT. DESERT ROAD

Brown's truck is parked at a spot on a desert road giving him a vantage of the test site from several miles away. He too is wearing a radiation suit, and is listening to the CBS broadcast on his truck radio. He picks up his walkie-talkie.

BROWN
Brown here, do you read me, Marty? Over.

INTERCUT WITH MARTY

Marty comes out of the kitchen eating an apple and picks up the walkie talkie from the dining room table.

MARTY
I'm right here, Doc.

BROWN
2 minutes to go. You should prepare for departure.

MARTY
Right.

Marty goes outside with the walkie-talkie.

IN THE GARAGE

Marty climbs into the DeLorean and turns on the radio.

RADIO VOICE
All personnel and spectators in the vicinity of the blast are now instructed to don protective eye gear, goggles or sunglasses. All those without such eye protection are cautioned not to look directly at the blast.

Marty puts on his mirrored Porsche sunglasses.

DOCTOR BROWN

reaches in under his radiation suit and pulls out his own sunglasses...along with MARTY'S LETTER. Brown looks at the envelope and shakes his head.

BROWN
(into Walkie-talkie)
Marty, what is the meaning of this letter you put in my pocket?

INTERCUT WITH MARTY IN THE DELOREAN

MARTY
You'll find out in 30 years.

BROWN
It contains information about the future, doesn't it?

MARTY
You'll find out in 30 years.

BROWN
I warned you about this, Marty! The consequences could be disastrous!

MARTY
You've gotta take the risk, Doc. Your life depends on it.

BROWN
No, Marty, I will not accept the responsibility. I'm tearing the letter up right now.
(rips it to shreds)
Can you hear that?

MARTY
All right, Doc, I'll just have to tell you.

BROWN
No, you won't! I'm shutting off my radio! See you in 30 years!

Brown shuts off his walkie-talkie.

ON MARTY

desperately trying to regain contact.

MARTY
But Doc, that's the point! You WON'T see me in 30 years! Hello? Doc? Are you there? Come in, Doc!

CONTROL VOICE (V.O. radio)
T-minus 30 seconds and counting...

MARTY
Shit!

Marty turns the key in the ignition...but the car won't start. He tries again...still it won't turn over.

MARTY
I don't believe this!

He pumps the gas and tries it again: at last the ENGINE ROARS TO LIFE! Marty shifts into gear.

THE DELOREAN

peels out of the garage and heads for ground zero!

INT. MOVING DELOREAN

Marty flips the "Time Circuit" switch on---but nothing happens! He flicks it back and forth---no response. Now he smacks the dashboard with his fist. The "Time Circuits Activated" light comes on.

Marty sighs relief, then picks up the walkie-talkie again.

MARTY
(into walkie-talkie)
Doc! Come in Doc! Goddammit, I'm trying to save your life!

CONTROL VOICE (V.O. radio)
20...19...18...

MARTY
Doc, I'm running out of time---time!
(a sudden idea)
That's it! I'll give myself some
extra time!

Marty throws down the walkie-talkie and reaches for the destination date setting.

It now reads "10-8-85." Marty pushes a button above the day setting. It drops back to 10-7-85, then 10-6, 10-5...

MARTY
The 5th is when you get killed...
I'll give myself, one...
(pushes it once to 10-4)
...two days...

He pushes it again, but nothing happens. It remains at 10-4. He pushes it again.

MARTY
Dammit, don't break down! Just
one more day!

The speedometer passes 80!

CONTROL VOICE (V.O. radio)
14...13...12...

INT. COMMAND BUNKER

Everyone has sunglasses on, and many are watching the test site through binoculars.

MAJOR LANZA
Unauthorized vehicle approaching
ground zero!

GENERAL NORDELL
(looking thru binocs)
What the hell is that?

MAJOR LANZA
I don't know, but he's heading
straight for the bomb tower!

CONTROL VOICE
9...8...

GENERAL NORDELL
It's a sabotuer! A commie sabotuer!
I told you they were commies!
(to the controller)
Fire the bomb! Fire the bomb now!

CONTROLLER
What's that sir?

GENERAL NORDELL
FIRE!

The General reaches over and pushes the red button himself!

GENERAL NORDELL
So long, Mr. Commie!

INT. DELOREAN DASHBOARD

The speedometer reaches 88!

EXT. TEST SITE, GROUND ZERO

DETONATION!

The blinding fireball whites out the screen---and the DeLorean is gone!

The heat storm devastates the suburban houses as the huge mushroom cloud towers above the desert floor.

CUT TO:

BLUE SKY 79

and tilt down to the TEST SITE, 30 YEARS LATER.

A TOUR GUIDE in a National Park service type uniform leads a group of 20 TOURISTS, mostly JAPANESE, toward a FLAT ROCK MONUMENT with a BRASS "X" imbedded in it.

GUIDE
Now, the monument we're approaching denotes Ground Zero---the actual spot impact took place. Many similar tests were conducted at various sites throughout the 1950's.

As the tourists gather around the monument, many snap pictures.

TOURIST
Uh, sir, what about those rumors I've heard about strange phenomena around these test sites---mutations, alien visitations...?

GUIDE
You've been watching too many movies, sir.

Suddenly, a sharp blast of wind comes up, accompanied by a SONIC BOOM and an eerie glow...and THE DELOREAN REAPPEARS, going almost 90 m.p.h., right at the tourists!

They scream, scattering like rabbits! The Guide is knocked over---we hold on his stunned reaction.

Now the DeLorean stops and backs up to the Guide. The Japanese are furiously shooting photos.

The gull wing door rises and Marty sticks his head out. He's in his full radiation suit.

There are, of course, more reactions of panic from the tourists.

MARTY
(to the guide)
What's the date?

The Guide is shaking with fear, not sure what it is he's facing.

GUIDE
Wh-who are y-y-you?

Marty whips off his radiation hood.

MARTY
I'm from another planet! Now, what's today's date?

GUIDE
October 4th...

MARTY
I know it's the 4th! What's the year?

GUIDE
1985.

MARTY
Thank you.

Marty lowers the door and drives off, leaving behind him a huge cloud of dust.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ATOMIC GAS STATION - DAY

A typical desert gas station. Its sign is a Mushroom Cloud with the lettering, "Atomic Gas - Beer." A grizzled OLD TIMER sits out in front reading the paper.

The DeLorean roars in and Marty climbs out.

MARTY
Fill 'er up! Unleaded!

The Old Timer stares with amazement at the dish antenna on the roof.

OLD TIMER
What's all that junk on the roof?

MARTY
It's a time machine.

OLD TIMER
Oh.

Marty dashes for the PHONE BOOTH while the old fellow starts filling up the tank.

IN THE PHONE BOOTH

as Marty finishes dialing.

RECORDING (V.O. phone)
The number you have reached has been disconnected and there is no new number.

MARTY
Shit!

Marty slams the receiver down. He looks at the gas station clock. It's 8:20.

MARTY

runs back to his car. The attendant is still filling it up---the pump is one of those antiques that takes forever.

MARTY

Couldn't you speed it up a little there?

OLD TIMER

You in a hurry, son?

MARTY

Mister, I gotta drive 1435 miles
in about 15 hours.

OLD TIMER

Shit, boy, you're gonna have to move
faster than a jackrabbit with its
ass on fire.

MARTY

I know.

EXT. ATOMIC GAS STATION - FROM THE HIGHWAY

as Marty SCREECHES out in his race against time!

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - ON A BILLBOARD

The sign says "Welcome To Texas, The Lone Star State."

We hold: the DeLorean roars by and off, into the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - ON A BILLBOARD

The sign says "Welcome To Oklahoma, The Sooner State."

We hold: the DeLorean roars by and off, into the distance.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - ON A BILLBOARD

The sign says "Welcome To Missouri, Speed Limit 55 MPH."

We hold...but there's no DeLorean.

Then we CRANE UP, and beyond the billboard we see A HIGHWAY PATROL CAR has the DeLorean off the side of the road, where a cop is writing Marty a ticket!

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDWESTERN GAS STATION - NIGHT

The men's room door open and Marty hurries out, zipping up his fly. (He's no longer in the radiation suit.) A clock reads 12:30.

An ATTENDANT is filling the DeLorean. Marty climbs into the car.

MARTY
Cap it!

ATTENDANT
But it's not full yet.

MARTY
I don't care, I'm late! I gotta be in Elmdale by 1:30.

ATTENDANT
Why, that's 98 miles from here. You'll have to drive 98 miles an hour!

MARTY
Yep. Faster than a jackrabbit with its ass on fire.

The Attendant has hung up the hose and shut off the pump.

ATTENDANT
Seven dollars.

Marty checks his wallet: empty.

MARTY
Out of cash...

Marty rips off the side view mirror and hands it to him.

MARTY
Here---that's worth at least seven-fifty. Keep the change!

Marty revs up and peels out!

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK OF ELMDALE - NIGHT

The digital time and temperature clock says 1:27.

The DeLorean zooms past.

INT. MOVING DELOREAN - MARTY

Marty has seen the clock.

MARTY
Great! I still got 3 minutes!

Suddenly he begins losing power.

The speedometer drops rapidly.

Marty pumps the gas...nothing happens. He glances at the gas gauge.

The gas gauge reads "Empty," with a red light flashing.

MARTY
Out of gas! Shit!

He shifts into neutral.

EXT. STREET

At the corner is a 7-11 with a gas pump.

The DeLorean coasts in, and comes to a halt right at the pump.

MARTY

jumps out and is about to grab the gas hose when he sees

THE TERRORISTS' CAMPER

cruising down the street, past the 7-11!

MARTY

reacts with horror.

MARTY
Holy shit---the terrorists!

He runs like hell after the camper, but it's going 30 miles an hour faster than he can run. In a few more moments, the camper disappears around a corner.

Marty keeps running.

ANOTHER ANGLE

as Marty arrives at the Mall. He keeps on running, past a movie four-plex, into the parking lot, just in time to see, a good 150 yards away...

MARTY'S P.O.V. OF

The Terrorist camper chasing down Dr. Brown---with Marty's younger self watching frozen in horror.

MARTY

is both horrified and amazed---horrified at being too late; amazed at seeing himself, and to be seeing something he's already experienced from a 3rd person point of view.

MARTY
Oh, God, no, I'm too late!

HIS P.O.V.

The Terrorist leans out of the camper with the machine gun.

TERRORIST
Dr. Brown, you American dog, you have betrayed our cause! For that you die!

He BLASTS Dr. Brown in the back. Brown goes down. Everything is as it already happened.

MARTY

keeps watching, shaking his head in amazement.

HIS P.O.V.

The Terrorist camper turns and goes after the younger Marty. Just as before, Marty dives into the DeLorean and roars off.

MARTY

watches himself chased by the terrorists.

MARTY
Go, Marty, go!

HIS P.O.V.

The DeLorean accelerates, even as it's being shot at, going faster and faster until it's enveloped in the BLINDING WHITE GLOW and vanishes!

But the terrorist camper drives into the white glow; we hear cursing as the blinded driver loses control of the camper. It swerves and goes heading straight for the mall building, and finally CRASHES into a store front! The STORE ALARM goes off.

MARTY

now runs toward the fallen Dr. Brown, lying face down in the parking lot.

He reaches him, along with EINSTEIN the faithful St. Bernard.

Marty turns Brown over, tears in his eyes.

MARTY
Doc, Doc...

Suddenly, BROWN OPENS HIS EYES and SMILES!

MARTY
You're alive!

Brown stands.

BROWN
Of course, I'm alive.

MARTY
But you were shot---I saw it. Twice!

Brown rips open his radiation suit revealing a BULLET PROOF VEST.

BROWN
It's the latest fashion in personal protection. It'll stop a slug from an elephant rifle at 30 yards.

MARTY
But how did you know...?

Brown smiles, reaches into his pocket and pulls out the LETTER THAT MARTY WROTE---SCOTCH TAPED TOGETHER! It's yellow and brittle; 30 years old!

MARTY
(smiles, shaking his head)
After all that lecturing about screwing up future events and the space-time continuum...

BROWN

(shrugs)

Yeah, well, I figured, what the hell.

We hear APPROACHING POLICE SIRENS.

MARTY

Let's get out of here.

BROWN

Come on, Einstein.

Brown picks up the small case of Plutonium pellets and they get going.

CUT TO:

EXT. MARTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The DeLorean pulls up to the darkened house.

INT. DELOREAN

Marty gathers his Betamovie and Walkman and prepares to get out.

MARTY

So how far ahead are you going?

BROWN

I figure I'll take it slow at first... go about 30 years, just to get my feet wet; then maybe see what's shaking in the 22nd or 23rd century.

MARTY

Well...good luck. And if you get a chance, look me up. I'll be... 47 years old.

BROWN

I will. See you in 30 years.

Brown gives him a wink. Marty gets out.

EXT. MARTY'S HOUSE

Marty waves Brown off and watches as the DeLorean drives a little ways, makes a U-turn, idles, then accelerates to 88 and once again VANISHES THROUGH TIME!

Marty heads toward his front door.

CUT TO:

INT. MARTY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

MARTY is in bed, asleep. Morning light streams in through the bedroom window; he stirs and opens his eyes. He blinks several times, as if getting his bearings, then sits up and looks around.

Yes, it's his room all right, and everything seems the same, from the Z-28 posters to his audio and video equipment.

Marty looks at the clock: 8:30. He looks at the wall calendar: the first four days of October are x'ed off---today is the 5th. Could it have all been a dream?

He gets out of bed and looks at himself in the mirror, then pinches himself to make sure he's real. He is. On the nightstand is a framed 5 x 7 version of the snapshot with he and his siblings. It looks the same.

He grabs his pants from a chair, and as he puts them on, his keys fall out of a pocket. Marty picks them up and stares at them curiously: they are GM CAR KEYS, and from the look on his face, he's never seen them before. He shrugs and puts them back in his pocket.

BEDROOM CORRIDOR

MARTY, now dressed, comes out of his room, down the hall and stops short as he enters

THE DINING ROOM.

LINDA and DAVE are seated at the dining room table which has been beautifully set for breakfast. The 5 table settings are elegant; Dave is eating a belgian waffle; Linda has eggs benedict. Dave is wearing an expensive tailored suit and reads the business section of the morning paper.

MARTY
Say, are we having company or
something?

LINDA
Not that I know of.

MARTY
Dave, aren't you working today?

DAVE
Sure, I always work on Saturday.

MARTY
Then what's with the fancy suit?

DAVE
(confused, doesn't understand)
Marty, are you all right?

MARTY
Yeah. Are YOU guys all right?

DAVE
Sure, never better.

Marty nods uneasily and takes his place at the table. A bowl of fresh strawberries is waiting for him.

Now GEORGE and LORRAINE enter from outside. They're in TENNIS OUTFITS with tennis rackets. George carries himself with an air of confidence, and Lorraine looks terrific---thin and svelte, radiantly healthy and positive. This is a happy marriage.

Marty can't believe how good his mother looks.

MARTY
Mom! You look---great!!

LORRAINE
Why, thank you, Marty. Say, tonight's
the big night, right?

MARTY
Huh?

LORRAINE
Your big date with Suzy Parker.
Such a nice girl, I sure like her.

MARTY
(can't believe it's his mother talking)
Pardon me, Ma?

LORRAINE
You're going up to the lake tonight,
aren't you? Haven't you been planning
it for 2 weeks?

MARTY
Mom, we went through this last
night. How can I go if Dad's car
is wrecked?

GEORGE
Wrecked? There's nothing wrong with my car. In fact, Biff is out there waxing it right now.

George opens the curtains, revealing BIFF waxing a new LINCOLN CONTINENTAL in the driveway. Biff is working diligently; his rough edges and arrogance are all gone.

George opens the window.

GEORGE
Hey, Biff, don't forget to wax the inside of the wheel covers. You forgot that last time.

BIFF
(friendly, eager to please)
Yes, sir, you're the boss, sir!

GEORGE
That reminds me, did you finish those reports I gave you to do yesterday?

BIFF
Yes, sir, Mr. McFly. I'll bring them right in.

Marty is absolutely astonished.

GEORGE
(sitting back down)
Some employees will get away with murder if you don't stay on 'em. I've had to keep him in line ever since high school. Although if it wasn't for him, your mother and I would have never met.

LINDA
Yeah, Dad, you've told us a million times: you beat him up when he was bothering Mom and that's how the two of you fell in love.

LORRAINE
It was more than that. Your father literally came to my rescue. He stood up for me and protected me.
(sighs)
It was so romantic!

LINDA
(rolls her eyes)
Cornball city.

Marty nods with complete understanding.

GEORGE
(calls into the kitchen)
Bertha, how about bringing
Marty his French Toast?

A uniformed MAID ENTERS with a tray and sets a lovely plate of French Toast in front of Marty. Marty is too dumbfounded to speak.

GEORGE
Well, Bertha, you won't have to put
up with that tiny kitchen much
longer.

BERTHA
When will the new house be ready, sir?

GEORGE
Just as soon as they finish painting
the tennis court and re-tiling the
swimming pool.

Biff enters and hands George some typed reports.

BIFF
Here are the reports, sir.

1039

GEORGE
Say, Biff, maybe I'll rent you this
place after we move out.

BIFF
I don't know if I could afford it,
sir. I still owe you back rent
on my apartment now.

GEORGE
Well, we'll work something out.

BIFF
Uh, Marty, would you like me to
wax your car, too?

MARTY
My car?

BIFF

The one your folks gave you for your
birthday. It's in the garage.

CUT TO:

EXT. McFLY HOUSE - ON MARTY

as he steps through the open garage door: his mouth falls opens as he sees

A SLEEK, SEXY, RED CAMARO Z-28

parked in the garage, just like he saw in the showroom.

INT. GARAGE - WIDER

Marty walks around the car, ogling it. The personalized license plate says "MARTY 1."

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the GM car keys with a knowing expression. He gets in the car.

INT. CAMARO Z-28

Marty sticks the key in the ignition and turns it over: it works! He smiles.

He takes a moment to get comfortable, running his hands over the leather upholstery, reveling in his dream car.

Now he revs it up. It sounds great. He pushes a cassette into the car stereo: It's the same Van Halen tune he used to scare the shit out of Biff!

Marty grins, then shifts into reverse.

EXT. MCFLY HOUSE AND STREET - DAY

Marty backs out of the driveway, then starts down the street.

Suddenly, a sharp wind comes up, followed by a SONIC BOOM and an eerie white glow: THE DELOREAN REAPPEARS on the street, racing toward Marty at 88 miles per hour!

Marty swerves the Z-28 out of the way, then jumps out of the car.

The DeLorean pulls up next to him. It looks like it's been through a war, all dirty and dented, with cracked windows.

BROWN reaches over and opens the passenger door in front of Marty.

BROWN

Marty! You've got to come with me: back to the future! You're the only one who can help me---it has to be you!

MARTY

Me? But why? What happens?
(sudden alarm)
Does something happen to me? Do I turn into an asshole or something?

BROWN

No, you turn out fine. But your kids, Marty---something's gotta be done about your kids!

Marty stands there in amazement. Brown yanks him in. The gull wing door shuts, and the DeLorean accelerates down the street, toward the future.

02

And as the DeLorean disappears in the familiar white glow, we

BIF

END TITLES.